BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY.

No. MCCCXXX. AUGUST 1926. VOL. CCXX.

CONTENTS.

MODERN CHINESE PORTRAITS. BY LOUIS MAGRATH KING, . 145

XIII. THE DIPLOMAT. XIV. THE MAN OF AFFAIRS.

THE BLACK SHEEP'S HOME-COMING. BY HELEN GRAHAM, . 158

ALSO OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT.
BY BRIG.-GENERAL COSMO STEWART, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., . 169

"DOWN CHARGE, TARRYBEAM!" BY JAN GORDON, . . 191

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF LAW.
BY LOUIS M. JIGGITTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, . . . 204

TALES OF S.O.S. AND T.T.T. BY BENNET COPPLESTONE, . . 210

VI. A CONFLICT OF RISK.

MANDRAGORA. BY KENNETH MACNICHOL, ... 220

BUSH GIPSIES. BY FUNDI, ... 233

II. THE UNCROWNED KING.

THE HAWAIIAN LAVA FLOW OF APRIL 1926. BY A. W. B.. . 248

SOME SPANISH IMPRESSIONS. BY E. Œ. SOMERVILLE, . . 254

"QUOTS." BY T. A. POWELL, ... 267

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD, ... 276

CADGERS—THE BENEFICENT LEADERSHIP OF MR COOK—ROBBING THE POOR—THE APPEAL OF SOME DIVINES—RUSSIA AND THE COMMUNISTS—MR BY-ENDS—'FALSE DAWN'—"DEFEATISM"—THE AMERICAN REBELLION—LORD ELGIN AND THE TREASURES OF THE PARTHENON.

NEW YORK:

LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,

ROBERT J. SPENCE, PROP.

249 WEST 13TH STREET.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH.

Printed in Great Britain

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCCXXX. AUGUST 1926. Vol. CCXX.

MODERN CHINESE PORTRAITS.

BY LOUIS MAGRATH KING.

XIII. THE DIPLOMAT.

It was appalling to think of the amount of sheer hard brain work he must have put in. He was a classical scholar of his own country, was fluent in three foreign languages, had been called to the English Bar, bore the title of Doctor—of letters, I think, or it may have been of philosophy, conferred upon him by an American University,—had to his credit a number of abstruse technical pamphlets on agriculture, and withal was a busy and distinguished official.

He had been some ten years in all abroad, in Europe and America, and had returned to China a few years before the Revolution to find that the Empire had no particular use for him, with or without his attainments in foreign scholarship. Office did not apparently come that way in spite of the sage's dictum that a ruler should search out and promote ability. The world is hardly built on those lines, or perhaps it is that ability is so common that it gets you nowhere without the support of influence, or, failing that, of push. He had no influence to speak of, and he and his fellows in like plight started in to push, and pushed the Empire over, an epitome, if you like, of the world-wide struggle between the *haves* who will not yield an inch, and the *have-nots* who will not go without. However that may be, the Empire had only itself to thank for its demise. It presented a brick wall of inertia to capable men who saw that if China was to be great she must first be modern; it found no outlet for the energies of men who had qualified themselves, at home and

abroad, to take the lead in all the various activities of modern endeavour; and it saw no other solution of the economic stress of the country than suppression. It created, in fact, an artificial over-population, such as we would have in England if we had no other resources than those of a century ago.

He had, with his pen, contributed in no small measure to the success of the revolutionary cause. He knew his own country and the world outside it, and was well aware, by comparison, of what was wrong with the former; and he was a master of literary style, with a wonderful skill in conveying to a sophisticated public a meaning at variance with the apparent surface innocence of what he wrote and in driving his points home with a wealth of simile, allusion, and classical quotation. Literature was obviously his *forte*, and in any other country he would, no doubt, have taken to it and made a fortune, but this profession does not as yet in China bring much worldly profit. Instead, he took office under the Republic, being rewarded for his work with the post of Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in his native province. Or rather, as he himself would prefer to put it, he placed his abilities at the disposal of his country in a sphere wherein he was especially qualified to serve.

It was while he was in that post that I first met him. The impression he made was entirely favourable. He looked what he was, a scholar, an intellectual, all through. He gazed out upon the world with a benign and detached expression through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, which somehow or other seemed to fit his personality. A calm, courteous, good-natured, highly intelligent man: that was written all over him. And it did not take one long to realise that he was a man in whose make-up there was neither violence on the one hand nor meanness on the other. A pleasant man to get on with socially, but that did not mean that he was, in official life, a *facile vis-à-vis*. Far from it. As far as foreign interests were concerned, he was an obstructionist pure and simple, patently conceiving it to be his duty to fight every case *à outrance* whether the right lay with him or not. "My country—right or wrong," might well have been his motto. This attitude fell in also with his temperament. He was not a man of action, but essentially a critic, and it came naturally to him to think not how to do a thing, but how to avoid doing it.

He had *in excelsis* what some people term, I don't know with what justice, the legal mind. He could see all round any subject that came up, could build a mammoth out of a single bone as easily as, Samson-like, destroy your edifice by removing a pillar or two. He knew our much-maligned treaties as well as any Consul ever did, was a master of *tu quoque*, and had a disconcerting

command of comparison and analogy culled from his wide reading of European affairs, ancient and modern. His reputation of being a match for the alien, of ability to deal with him suavely but effectively, was already established with his own people when I first met him, and I remember the delighted laughter, in which he joined whole-heartedly, when I once referred to him at a banquet, by altering a character of his Chinese title, as the Commissioner for Obstructing Foreign Affairs.

To him and his school of thought, which comprises practically all articulate China, the privileged status of the foreigner in their country is an anomaly in itself, an affront to the national consciousness, and an impediment to progress. It was a legacy from the Empire, which had failed in their eyes as strikingly in the conduct of the country's foreign relations as in its internal administration. They looked upon the *imperium in imperio*, with which the Empire's incompetence had saddled the country through the concessions and privileges it had granted the alien, as an obstacle to the political and social evolution of the country second in importance only to the Empire itself and the antiquated mechanism of government it stood for. They had scrapped the one; it was now their duty to abolish the other. This was an axiom with them, and though on the surface they appeared to be always ready to argue the matter interminably, marshalling their facts and data in battle array, you soon found that your counter-arguments, however sound and logical, had no effect whatsoever upon them. You were, in fact, up against something that would not yield to logic, was not really open to argument, a set attitude which had all the strength of an instinct. It was a road on which there was no half-way house of compromise, a conflict in which one or the other side must ultimately give way.

All their arguments boiled down to this, that the alien is not entitled to better treatment than the people of the country he is in, even, in fact, to as good. It is, of course, a tenable position, a principle, indeed, inexorably enforced in all the sovereign States of the world.

But the treaties? I will say this for him, that he endeavoured to the best of his ability to carry them out to the letter, though not, however, to the spirit. He construed them in the narrowest possible sense, admitting nothing that was not expressly laid down, and rendering them almost meaningless by the construction his acute mind put upon their terse provisions. Still, he recognised them. His legal mind revolted against the attitude of the extremists, who were all for tearing them up. They were in his eyes a component part of international law, and as such were binding until they were abrogated by the contracting parties. For him-

self, he hated them, and once in a land case wherein conflicting interests had caused a deadlock, said to me, "Sooner or later, if we don't revise these treaties, public opinion will insist on their being scrapped altogether." That was years ago, and events have borne him out, the extremists having now, in this regard, the bulk of opinion behind them.

He was always courteous, and I found him, when we got to know each other well, very frank and communicative. His arguments sometimes reminded me irresistibly of the pleadings in a law-suit wherein mutually contradictory contentions are cheerfully advanced as alternative lines of defence or attack. We were one day discussing the political situation while the bullets of an assailing force were actually flying over the town. There was nothing, he maintained, radically wrong with China; it was merely the aftermath of the revolution, and even as it was the country was more peaceful than either Ireland or Mexico. The Customs returns showed there was no basis for the contention of the foreigners that their trade was suffering; on the contrary, each year showed a substantial increase in it. And finally, the foreigner's losses were a mere bagatelle compared to the people's. Why should the stranger within the gate be any better off than the Chinese themselves? "The defendant's nose," I replied, "is not red, or if it is, that is due to indigestion, not alcohol, or alternatively to a blow from the plaintiff." He was, as I have said, a barrister-at-law, saw the parallel, and chuckled happily.

On another occasion he was at my Consulate when an agitated clerk came round to tell him that the military press-gangs had dragged off all the outdoor servants in his *yamen*. He rapped out, in the vernacular, a string of imprecations, and then, seeing my amusement, recovered himself and said that, after all, it was better than our conscription in war-time, which took not only one's servants but one's own self. "Come, come," I said; "this is politics, not war." And I added that conscription with us was carried out in accordance with the law, whereas the military press-gang was an entirely illegal and arbitrary instrument. He agreed without demur. That was just the difference, he said. The greatness of England, he went on, lay in the respect of the people, high and low, rulers and ruled, for the law. "The law is your god," he said, "and happily so, for it is more effective as a social force than religion, which inculcates an ethic it cannot enforce." "You have both Confucius and Chuangtzu against you there," I replied. "The one said the law was the lowest basis of government, and the other, that if you developed the moral sense of the people, you could do without a penal code." "Well, let me put my meaning a little differently, and say that the

greatness of your country lies in the moral sense which produced both the law and the general obedience to it."

His admiration for England was perfectly genuine, born alike of his temperament, his cast of mind, and of his experiences in our country, but it did not extend to the political sphere. He saw in us a very definite obstacle to the immediate realisation of China's aspirations, the principal bulwark of foreign rights in China, though he admitted that it was the very quality he so admired and associated with us, our sense of law and order, which informed our cautious attitude. We are prepared, indeed, anxious, it has been authoritatively announced times without number, to yield up our rights without stint *pari passu* with the progress of China along the path of internal reform and modern organisation. No privilege, in fact, will be sought to be retained a moment it is feasible to relinquish it. And one of the leading elder statesmen of China recently, in effect, bore us out, though that, of course, was not his direct purpose, when he came out with a message to his own people to set their house in order, and the privileged status of the foreigner would automatically dissolve. His statement that what is not good enough for the alien is not good enough for the Chinese struck a responsive chord throughout the country, and has become historic. But his *pronunciamento* does not seem to have had much effect on the campaign for the recovery of sovereign rights. The Chinese would appear to have read it not as an endorsement of our point of view, but rather as an arresting way of driving home the lesson that the most vital need of China is internal reform.

Indeed, our diplomat had years before answered a similar argument from me by comparing China to an old house and the foreign *imperium in imperio* to a tree which had grown up through the floor. How could the new owner set the house in order if he were not permitted to cut down the tree? Consular jurisdiction—extra-territoriality — which placed the citizens of the Treaty Powers beyond the purview of the Chinese courts, and the settlements and concessions wherein the Chinese writ did not run, constituted, according to his view, the most serious of obstacles to that co-ordination of activity which is the mechanism of a modern State, in that the Chinese Government had no control over foreign finance, credit or persons, and even Chinese capital and individuals could, and did, place themselves out of reach by the simple expedient of moving into this or that foreign governed area. "They go to them," I said, "because they find there security for life and property. Did not the Master say that where a State is well governed people will flock to it carrying their babies on their backs? The very men who

denounce the concessions take refuge in them themselves when they are in difficulties, and many keep their money there all the time." "Mere common-sense," he replied. "You sit in a sedan-chair, but that does not imply that you think it a proper or even a humane method of getting about. If there were no concessions people would have nowhere to go to; and finance, the most powerful individual factor in any modern State, would have no choice but to reform the country or perish."

As a lawyer, extra-territoriality especially outraged his sense of the fitness of things. The Chinese legal code, he maintained, was as good as any in the world; the trouble lay in the administration of it, which was admittedly imperfect, but this was due to the ignorance of the people. They were much too tolerant of misrule, expected next to nothing of their rulers, did not know their rights, and consequently did not enforce them. Could I not see that if extra-territoriality were abolished reform would come quickly of itself, seeing that the foreigners would not tolerate administrative and judicial abuses, and their example would educate the bulk of the people to a proper realisation of what government should be? "You mean," I said, "that we should help you to fight your battles?" "Why not?" he replied. "You are always protesting that you are here not for your own good, but for that of China." "Only the missionaries say so," I said. "The rest of us are out for a decent living." "Well, make a commencement with the missions," he replied. "They could do China a real service in the rôle of martyrs to progress. Their lead would be followed by so many thousands of our countrymen that misrule would soon be a thing of the past." I confess I hardly saw it in that particular light, but I could think of nothing effective to reply at the moment—it was a new idea to me.

He saw in extra-territoriality also the basis of what he termed the race prejudice, the contempt for the Chinese, of the foreigner in the East, and he was convinced that if the alien were made subject to Chinese jurisdiction, a complete change over his attitude would rapidly come about—as it did so, in fact, in Japan. "Extra-territoriality," I said, "will be the very last thing the foreign Powers relinquish. It is the very basis of our position in China." "You will have to give it up soon," he replied, "or your activities in this country will be brought to a standstill."

It can readily be imagined that he was a difficult man to transact official business with. The ultimate say, however, the real power, did not lie with him, but with the military governors and satraps. These latter were men of action, practical men who, while not attaching any particular weight to the treaties, were usually—at

least I found them so—ready to agree to what they thought reasonable in itself. And more than once he was effectively over-ruled by their simple *fiat*. This sort of thing must have been heart-rending to him, and he finally retired in result of a case of this kind, the Governor-General for the time being having given away in a friendly gesture a principle for which he had fought successfully for years.

He left the province for the metropolis, where I renewed his acquaintance some years later. He was out of office, and on the waiting list for an appointment abroad as Minister, the title whereof was all the immediate reward he had been given for his years of strenuous service. But if he felt any chagrin, he did not show it. He bore himself with the same placid dignity as of old. Equanimity was in fact the salient characteristic of the man, and during the whole of my acquaintance with him I can remember one occasion only when he let himself go in an emotional outburst, and that was in connection with the Shanghai tragedy of May 1925, wherein the municipal police had fired upon a mob of students and others in the act of rushing a police station. He was furious. "Would it ever occur," he said to me, "to the London police to fire on unarmed demonstrators?" It was all, he went on, part and parcel of the contempt of the alien in China for the Chinese, and the English inspector who ordered the firing ought to be hanged. Did he think Chinese were dogs to be shot at pleasure? He was racial prejudice personified, and so on. "His wife is Chinese," I said quietly, and I have seldom seen a man so taken aback. "Then what is the explanation of it all?" he asked after a pause. "The impact of two civilisations," I replied, "wherein the individual is of no account, is submerged like a drop in the ocean, a conflict of interests and systems which can be and must be reconciled, or civilisation goes under sooner or later." The violence of the students, I added, was no contribution to the eventual solution that must be found in peace and amity; they had been taken advantage of by the Bolsheviks. "I sometimes think," he said, "that what we need in China is a Bolshevik upheaval. It would rid us of the militarists as well as of our foreign shackles. It would wipe the slate clean for us to start afresh." "You as a member of the ruling class would hardly survive to take part in the revival," I replied. "What does that matter?" he said. "I am thinking of my country." "It would not be a clean slate," I went on. "There is no such thing in the inexorable continuity of evolution. You would merely have an extra red smudge on it, perhaps indelible." He demurred. "The surgeon's knife leaves a mark, but that is of no consequence if the patient recovers."

XIV. THE MAN OF AFFAIRS.

THE first impression he inevitably made was that he was compact of good-humour. Fat of body and almost chubby-faced, he looked sleek and comfortable, a man at peace with himself and the world. And his friendly, almost jovial, manner completed the picture. A prosperous merchant, you would have thought if you had not known who he was. And indeed he had that instinct of acquisitiveness, all the more effective for being subconscious, which animates the mole and makes a millionaire—as often as not in spite of himself. But the resemblance hardly went further than that. Despite appearances he must have been, you felt, as ruthless as any of the men who fought for place and power in the storm and stress of the revolution and its aftermath, or he could never have won through, have held his own amongst them. And he was. You could not know him long without becoming aware of it, without realising that his appearance was deceptive, that beneath that soft exterior was a man of iron will and resolution. He looked prosaic, and was anything but it. He was a cool-headed opportunist, easy-going only in non-essentials, supple, imperturbable, irrepressible, a manipulator of men and events. And he had the advantage, immediate if not ultimate, over many of his rivals in that he was devoid of emotional idealism. He stood on solid ground, kept his personal feelings well in hand, and his attention fixed on his purposes. He did not allow himself the luxury of going off at a tangent, of chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, or tilting at a windmill. These things might, perhaps, become a poet or a child, but hardly a ruler of men.

He sensed this quality in others, and turned it where he could to his own ends, but at heart he had no real understanding of it, and thought idealism either a pose or an aberration. His own vision was strictly limited to the world of reality. He did not seem to have any particular ideals: no picture in his mind, for instance, of a regenerated China speaking with authority in the councils of the nations. He often gave vent to the noblest sentiments, indeed almost invariably when he spoke in public, and no action of his ever lacked the support of some motive impeccably platitudinous. But this was all policy with him, a protective covering, a concession to the herd, to the idealism which something down in the depths of all of us demands shall be given first place, or at least be emphasised, in our utterances, to, in brief, the conscience of mankind, the force that differentiates man from the rest of creation. If people will not practise what

they preach, at least, we insist, they shall preach it or we will have none of them. He preached it fervently but unconvincingly. He was out, you felt, for himself. He never said so, of course, but his actions seemed to say it for him; or perhaps it were fairer to him to say that he did not believe the motives behind human action were particularly lofty, and that he dealt with men along the prosaic lines his experience or his instinct commended to him. It seemed to work in his case, for he raised himself in a very few years from an obscure staff officer to a national figure.

He lost something, of course; in his case that indefinable something we call personal prestige, the instinctive tribute men pay to exceptional worth. Somehow or other he never got that from his equals, his fellow-satraps. His personality, the sum total of the man he was, did not, apparently, command their respect, and they almost invariably talked of him in slighting terms. One of them once summed him up to me in a quotation from the Chinese sage: "Respect yourself, and you will be respected." That was it, apparently—if we stretch the meaning of the aphorism to the full limit of its metaphysical content. They sensed that he was inspired by nothing at all, or at least by nothing outside his own interests; and though he was on more than one occasion *primus inter pares*, in political power, amongst them all, yet he seemed to count in their eyes for less than almost the least of them, even than men who had fallen from power.

I remember one occasion on which this was particularly noticeable. He was at that time Governor-General of the province, and I had invited him to dinner, together with a galaxy of satraps who happened to be at the provincial capital attending a military conference and a number of other political personages of note. To emphasise his position he had intentionally delayed his arrival until the other guests were assembled, his staff telephoning through to be sure of that, and was announced while we were drinking cocktails. There was the usual commotion outside, his bodyguards forming up in the courtyard and presenting arms as he stepped out of his chair; and he was ushered into the room by half a dozen orderlies. The company, however, was not particularly impressed, and more than one group barely interrupted their conversation to give him the bow of recognition etiquette demands. A few minutes later there arrived, unaccompanied, the idealist of another of my portraits, who was at that time out of office. He was received with noticeable attention and respect, though there were no hero-worshippers present and hardly a man there, certainly none of the satraps, consciously thought that the new-comer or anybody

else was his superior, or even, perhaps, his equal.

The contrast was so marked that the Governor-General could hardly have missed it, but if he noticed it he did not show it in any way. Perhaps he thought it a very ordinary manifestation of human perversity or idiocy, and, anyway, he was encased in an impenetrable self-esteem which was fully equal to preserving his equanimity in the face of the opinions, real or affected, of his fellows. A colossus such as he must expect to be misunderstood by ordinary men, to arouse their jealousy, even their hatred. Indeed, he once said as much to me on another occasion in connection with a campaign of abuse directed against him by a rival satrap, and I remember replying gently that Chuangtzu had a very apposite simile in the cicada which wondered wherein lay the sense of the leviathan flying thousands of miles up into the air. "Quite so," he said, unabashed, delighted, no doubt, to find a man of so sound a judgment.

His high opinion of himself was, however, by no means ill-founded. He was a very exceptional man; in some ways a veritable colossus. Indeed, without such self-esteem, whether conscious or not, few men have ever made history; and instances readily occur to the mind of dominant personages with whom it took the final form of a belief they were divine. Our man of affairs went to no such lengths, but he could hardly but realise his superiority to most of his fellow-satraps, and the gulf that separated him and some of them from the commonalty of men. He could scarcely be expected to ascribe in his own mind his outstanding success, the ascendancy he attained, to fortuitous circumstance, to anything indeed but to his own merit. He dominated, if not — except nominally — the whole province, at least his own satrapy, wherein the lives and fortunes of ten or more millions of his fellow-countrymen were at his mercy. That, it will be admitted, provided a fairly concrete basis for his self-esteem. And, everything considered, he bore extremely well this burden of untrammelled authority over his fellows which is apt to unseat the equilibrium of any but exceptional men. It was, indeed, as searching a test as could well be imagined. He came through it with flying colours, a tribute to the innate decency and common-sense of the man, and to the stability, the standards, and the inhibitions which were his inheritance from generations of Confucian discipline.

He exercised his power with a noticeable self-restraint, and interfered very little, and then reluctantly, with the age-old mechanism of administration. His rule was on the whole lenient and his satrapy well governed, save in one very important matter — taxation. He impoverished his people to get the funds he needed for

his armies and his political activities. Money he conceived as a necessity, without which he could not play his rôle on the stage of high politics. It was indeed the chief weapon in his armoury. In exacting it, through taxation, arbitrary levies, forced loans, and so on, he was quite ruthless; and protests and recalcitrance were met with naked force, in extreme instances by a firing squad or the executioner's sword. This sort of thing was eloquent of the essential hardness that lay behind the sleek and amiable exterior of the man. Nevertheless he really did seem to dislike violence, though he used it without hesitation when he thought it necessary.

On one occasion a sergeant of his own bodyguard was arrested and brought to headquarters for contravening a transitory regulation against gambling. He happened to be himself engaged at the moment in a game of dominoes with some leading officials and merchants, but he went out to deal with the offender, meaning, he told me afterwards, merely to reprimand him. The sergeant, however, insolently pointed out to him that he also was gambling; and what was the difference between dominoes and dice? He was shot without further ado. "If I were to let that sort of thing pass," he said to me, "my control over the army would be at an end." His judgment may or may not have been right, but the incident was typical of what I might call his calculated ruthlessness, policy, not temper.

His attitude towards another matter was equally characteristic of him. It was during his first tenure of office as Governor-General, and the capital was on the point of being assailed by a rival faction. The New Year was approaching, a time when the religious observances of the people imperatively demand the firing of crackers; and he was afraid that this custom might operate to the advantage of the enemy, or even be intentionally turned thereto by them, cracker fire and rifle fire not being easily distinguishable. He therefore gave orders that no crackers should be fired that year. The people disobeyed almost to a man. As one householder put it to me, "Governors-General come and go, but the gods must be served." He took no notice of it, realising his order was a mistake, and that he was up against something stronger than military force. He was not the sort of man to emulate the praying-mantis of another of Chuangtzu's similes, which tried to stop a chariot with its arms. The reaction of another satrap to a similar disobedience was quite different. In his case it was not the New Year; but a wedding happened to take place while his restriction was in force. Crackers were fired as usual, and he descended in person upon the culprits, dragged off the bride-

groom, and had him flogged for contumacy, an outrage public opinion was slow to forgive.

Our man of affairs treated public opinion in general with a noticeable deference, recognising in it a political force of great importance, but he was in no sense deterred from his purposes by it. To the Press and to the student movement he gave, where he was not actually manipulating them, an almost absolute freedom, so long, however, as they did not stand in his own way. But if somebody else set them to that course, or they tried it of their own volition, there was very little of the *suaviter in modo* about his reaction. As far as I know he had only one trial of strength with the students. He had appointed a new head to the leading university of the provincial capital, and the students refused to receive him. He sent his soldiers, turned the whole university out into the street, and installed his nominee; and when the students rallied and stormed the gates, his men opened fire without hesitation, routing the assailants with considerable loss of life. The students reconsidered the matter, and decided to take him as he was, appreciating, no doubt, the wide latitude he allowed them when they did not cross his own path. And not very long afterwards the whole body of them testified their respect for him by taking part in a grand fête he staged for himself at the capital on an occasion of domestic felicity. Laudatory addresses were presented by all the public bodies, the newspapers of the day were full of his meritorious deeds and high hopes, the streets and shops and houses were all gaily decked, by order, with flags and bunting, and after dark there were fireworks and lantern processions. It was in all a memorable day, a Roman triumph, but nobody was butchered unless it was, perhaps, a certain goddess, who is often slain but never dies.

He loved display, the trappings and the pomp of power, and habitually surrounded himself with them. He was even more attached to the substance of which these were but the shadow. He was avid of power, and was entirely fearless, in a cool calculating sort of way, in the pursuit of it. That his nerves were of steel was evident when a hired assassin shot at him point-blank as he was leaving his *yamen* one day in the midst of his retinue. The bullet missed, and before the man could fire again or the Governor-General's bodyguards had collected their wits, he whipped out his pistol and shot him himself. The fat unwieldy man had shown himself quicker and cooler than any one else present.

But though his courage, physical and moral, was undoubted, he seldom trusted his political fortunes to the arbitrament of the sword. Perhaps it went against the grain with him to have recourse to hostilities when his ends could be gained, with equal if not greater surety, by finesse. However that may

be, he never really fought a campaign. He was a convinced fence-sitter, dexterously keeping aloof from the internecine warfare endemic in that particular province. He conserved his strength while his fellow-satraps exhausted theirs on each other, and the end of each campaign almost invariably saw him about the only general with a fresh and intact army and undiminished resources. And when, in spite of himself, he was drawn in, he always kept this consideration in view, and fought half-heartedly. On one occasion he brought a well-thought-out campaign to the usual deadlock of mutual exhaustion by failing to fall, as arranged, with his full strength on the enemy's flank —how could he, when half his army had revolted and gone over to the enemy? The campaign over, the mutineers, who had remained as inactive as ever under their temporary allegiance, returned to the fold, and were forgiven.

This sort of thing made him *persona non grata* with his fellow-satraps, but somehow or other they never managed to get together and fall upon him in a body. It was not very difficult for him to play them off against each other, for they all had their individual axes to grind, and his help, even if it were no more than a contribution to an impoverished exchequer, was better than his hostility, for his army of 30,000 men was anything but negligible, and might, who knows, one day get orders really to fight. Men who had suffered from his perfidy and had sworn to have his blood somehow thought better of it, wrote him off as impossible, and sought to use him when they could. He attained the established position of a confirmed neutral, and they and their fellows, mutually jealous, found themselves electing him Governor-General rather than let that post fall to one of their own number.

He was twice, by the election of his peers, Governor-General; and even when out of that office, remained the most influential of all the individual satraps in the province. They came and went; he went on for ever. His influence went beyond the confines of the province, and he carried weight in the wider sphere of national affairs, with which, indeed, the provincial situation was intimately connected. He stood out, a giant, among his fellows, but was he an Olympian? Would the blind force that actuated him push him to greater heights, to play one day a leading rôle in his country's affairs? "If he could overcome his rapacity he would be a great man," said a common friend, to whose judgment of his own people I usually bowed. "Great — without vision?" "We have quite enough visionaries," was his answer. "We want men like him, the ordinary man with extraordinary qualities." "A duck with crane's legs?" I queried.

THE BLACK SHEEP'S HOME-COMING.

BY HELEN GRAHAM.

It was not an easy task to transform Peden Knowe Station into a fitting stage for a public reception.

In the first place, the platform was too narrow: it took all its width to contain the Reception Committee, and the crowd had perforce to stand outside on the public road. Then the station buildings were homely. It could hardly have been otherwise with booking-office, waiting-room, and station-master's quarters all housed under the one roof, and Mr Begg's children pattering in and out everywhere on their bare feet. The coal-shed, too, so handy for daily use, looked an unsightly excrescence with its lean-to roof on an occasion of ceremony.

The transformation, however, had been taken in hand. Man, in the shape of the Reception Committee, had cleared the waiting-room of its accumulation of litter, repainted the coal-shed, and hung a string of flags from the signal-box to the chimney-pot opposite. Nature, in the shape of April showers and sunshine, was trying gratuitously and unobserved by the Committee to do the rest. She had washed down the drab walls overnight, and warmed them since into a little colour, and now she was filling the flags out and making them dance on their string.

Miss Euphemia Jameson, at any rate, found the result entirely pleasing. It put her in mind, she said, of Wembley on its opening day.

Miss Jameson, as a member of the Reception Committee, was one of the favoured few admitted on to the platform to await the arrival of the 12.10 train. Nearly every one of note and weight in Peden Knowe was by this time "forward"—as Mr Soutar the Chairman expressed it—all but the laird and the minister,—and each of these had sent an adequate apology. These apologies, with a programme of the proceedings and a pair of grey suede gloves, were in the Chairman's left hand, leaving his right hand free to receive and direct the Committee and operate upon his tall hat as the occasion might demand.

It was a proud position for Mr Robert Soutar, retired plumber and ex-Socialist candidate for the county, and it had been awarded him unanimously by his fellow-members in view of the fact that to-day's function was entirely his idea.

"Bob Soutar was aye a grand yin for ideas," as Mr Begg the station-master remarked at the first meeting of

the Reception Committee. "Whiles they hatch out and whiles no."

This idea at any rate had hatched out, and in the words of Mr Soutar's Address of Welcome (at present hidden in the breast pocket of his frock-coat) its realisation was going to provide Peden Knowe with a day that would long be remembered by its inhabitants. The Peden Knowe public hall, built as a memorial to Queen Victoria, lit by gas and heated throughout to mark the minister's jubilee, and lately enlarged and reseated, was to be formally reopened by the Honourable Alexander Sinclair, a native of the parish, who had risen by his own efforts to occupy the distinguished position of Minister of Railways in the Queensland Government.

Mr Soutar's Address, in length and eloquence, offered abundant proof of the Committee's wisdom in choosing him to be their spokesman on this occasion; but at this stage we must return to the platform party, and allow Mrs Downie a word or two upon the day's proceedings.

After all, who had a better right to claim acquaintance with the guest of honour and a place on the Reception Committee than Janet Downie, seeing that the late Mr Downie's official duties had brought him into repeated contact with the future Minister of Queensland's Railways at the very outset of his career?

This was the question that Mrs Downie addressed to several of her friends when Mr Soutar's idea hatched out, and the suggestion of a Committee to make the necessary arrangements was first mooted.

"There'll be few in Peden Knowe can say they were better acquaint with Sandie Sinclair than Mr Downie was—for all Bob Soutar's talk,—and there's none can tell you more about that young man's start in life than I can, though I never was one to put myself forward, mind you." Mrs Downie's election to the Committee went through as a matter of course after this, and to-day's gathering found her sheltering in the doorway of the waiting-room, for the wind was gusty, and her toque wanted another pin. From her retreat she could hear the remarks of the rest of the Committee, and interpose when she felt so inclined.

Just now she overheard Miss Jameson remarking that Mr Sinclair's career was a real romance.

"It beats a' ye read of in the papers or the like o' thae stories in the 'People's Friend.' To think o' yon wee, wee laddie a Cabinet Minister now!"

This tendency of Euphemia's to lapse into sentiment was one that Janet Downie deplored, and invariably corrected with sound common-sense.

"If it's rising from a poor start you mean wi' your romance, Euphemia, I'll grant you there's no many have risen from less; but I doubt

if Mr Sinclair will care to be put in mind of it."

Mrs Downie came a little nearer to the door, so that her words might reach the whole platform party.

"I know what I'm saying, though it'll be thirty-three years this Martinmas since Dougal and Bessie Sinclair died up at the Toll cottage. Some of you here will likely recollect the calamity. Not that I was ever greatly taken on myself with Dougal, nor with Bessie neither. An extravagant-living young man he was, with his fiddle-playing, dancing, and suchlike carryings on; and I don't suppose they ever put a shilling past in the week atween them. It was in the back-end o' that year that I was married on Mr Downie at the schoolhouse—the influenzy year we called it, for there was a heap o' folk in Peden Knowe lying at the time. I'd had a touch of the cold myself, with pains and vomiting, and it fair put me about when Mr Downie came in to tell me the two of them were away on the one afternoon, and no a body beside them but old Jessie M'Andrew and the wee boy Sandy. Jessie was used wi' sick folk, for the doctor was aye sending for her for his cases, but she'd never had to do wi' a child on the bottle afore. And here she was left in an empty house with a boy that had neither a friend in the world nor a copper to his name. A fair disgrace it was. I knew all the ins and outs of it, mind you, for it fell to Mr Downie, him being Clerk to the Parish, to find a party that would undertake the child. He was at more than one door inquiring, but it was aye the same thing he got from them all: 'A lassie, aye! but a laddie that's like to deave ye gin he disna get daein' his wull—na, na!'

("I'm just telling it you the way I got it from Mr Downie.) He said himself that Chirstie Macqueen was no the kind of woman he'd have put an orphan to if he could have helped himself, but he was that anxious to be rid of the job. When he saw Chirstie swithering—the money being a consideration as you'll understand—he clinched the bargain the best way he could. He tell't me he was up the hill in two ticks and in at the Toll cottage and he had the child off the bed, plaid and all, and was away down the hill afore Jessie had had time to lift her head. You could hear that child roaring the length of the post-office, and I felt fair shame at the pair of them. As I said to Mr Downie when he came in that night, 'it was no for the like of him to be seen on the public road carrying other folk's babies from door to door.' But he never heeded me. He was that glad that Chirstie hadna gone back on her word, and that he was quit of the boy."

Mrs Downie paused for a moment to draw breath, and this gave Mr William Jameson, brother to the aforesaid Eu-

phemia, a chance to contribute to the conversation.

Mr Jameson, like Mr Soutar, had a turn for public oratory, and many of his friends and admirers would have liked to have seen him in Mr Soutar's shoes to-day. As bank-agent in Peden Knowe, he had little enough scope for the exercise of his talent. A cattle-show lunch or a curling-club dinner afforded him an occasional outlet for his humour, but political oratory was his strong point, and for lack of opportunity he was driven to exercise it upon foemen unworthy of his steel—upon Euphemia, for instance, who trembled before his diatribes, though she admired them greatly. Now as he opened his mouth to affirm his conviction that Chirstie Macqueen was one who could be trusted to keep her word at all costs, Euphemia spied danger in the offing. William had his audience and a worthy opponent, and Chirstie was going to be the spark that would set him off. He must be silenced, for the 12.10 train was due at any moment now. She pulled her brother by the sleeve, and turned her head as though she heard an approaching train, but the little artifice had no effect. William was not so easily diverted. He looked round about him defiantly.

"Miss Macqueen," he declared, warming to his subject, "is one that keeps her word, and she keeps herself respectable. What's more, she keeps herself to herself when other folk think no shame to be seen standing havering at the street corner, stirring up mischief and ill-will in the place."

Mr Soutar rose to the challenge.

"Ay!" he said with a loud laugh, "Chirstie's one of your thrifty, nipperty-tipperty Tory bodies that'll keep any mortal thing they can lay hands on."

At this stage one or two members of the platform party thought it appropriate to give a perfunctory laugh; but the remainder stared at the gravel in front of them, and smoothed it with their toes. Euphemia alone, urged by that vision of the approaching train bearing the subject of her romance to Peden Knowe, had the audacity to plunge into the arena and head the conversation into a safer channel.

"Puir body!" she ejaculated breathlessly, "Chirstie's been sair wrought a' her days—she has that,—and she's never asked a favour of any man or woman in Peden Knowe. She's known a heap of trouble, and if it has turned her temper kind of sour-like, it's scarce to be wondered at. There was yon shock her faither took at the doctor's funeral that laid him aside six year afore he got release. And yon lodger that lifted Chirstie's money frae the press along with the new boots she'd put past at the New Year. It was an awfu' cruel-like thing to do. And then wee Sandy off the parish.

One trouble aifter anither, and the heaviest to finish wi'. For Sandy was a wild boy. Not but what I've seen myself feeling kind of vexed for the wee fellow when I'd be passing the door and I'd hear him roaring till he had the hens oot-bye fair scared at the row. Says I then many a time to mysel', 'Yon's a puir lamb that's never like to be dawtit!'"

(Euphemia looked apologetically at Mrs Downie as she succumbed to the vulgar idiom, for it was well known to a select circle in Peden Knowe that Janet Downie was trying to purify her own and her friends' conversation from the taint of these common Scotch words, though retaining an open mind on questions of syntax and suchlike.)

Euphemia had accomplished her object. William's diatribe on Socialism had been forestalled, and she could let him have his say after supper to-night. Meantime it was Mr Begg's turn to take up these reminiscences of the great man's youth, and he struck the doric note without scruple as befitted one who first saw the light at Auchtermuchty.

"Ye surely wadna look for dawtin' frae the like o' Chirstie, Miss Jameson! 'Twas aye a skelp to his snash that I mind o' Sandy gettin', and muckle effec' it had on the wee rascal! Sandy wasna lang at the greetin'. He had spunk—I'll say that for the lad."

"It was liker temper nor what you call spunk, Mr Begg," corrected Mrs Downie. "Mr Downie aye tell't me—and, mind you, he had the lad in the school for fully nine year—that Sandy would be fair beside himself at times. Yon kind wi' the red hair and freckles is maist ta'en that way. I tell't Mr Downie he should take the tawse to him regular, and he did, but it never seemed to help him any. And yet he was clever enough at his books."

"Ay! and smairt wi' his tongue," exclaimed Mr Begg. "He had a tongue in his head that could souk the laverocks oot o' the lift, as we say our way, when he had the mind to't. But he was queer—I'm wi' ye there, Mrs Downie—queer in the temper and daft at times. There wasna a sneck nor a lock in Peden Knowe safe from him gin he wanted through. A gae souple, smiddlin', crafty yin he was for his years, and neither to haud nor to bind, as we say."

A sudden noise made the whole company start and turn, but Mr Begg reassured them. It was only the hoot of a passing car on the road, and the train was not due for another two minutes. He resumed the Sinclair biography with one eye upon his audience and the other upon the signal-arm on the line. "Some of you folk'll maybe mind yon time he had the 8.30 forenoon train to Baldoch stopped. It was an unco' daring-like thing for a lad o' his years to hae thocht on. It was aifter he had finished wi' the schule and

Chirstie had had him put to the shoe-making wi' Mr Mitchell in Baldoch. Sandy never took to the job, and a fine time of it I had wi' him here of a morning waitin' on his train. I was young mysel' then, and no used wi' responsibility. I dauredna leave him his lane for fear o' mischief. Mony's the time I've seen me locking him up in the coal-shed yonder till the 8.30 wad be in. Yon time I'm speaking of the train hadna gane a mile east afore it stoppit. Sandy, the limb, had pulled the communication cord. 'And I'll trouble ye to oblige me wi' the reason?' says Davie the guard. He tell't me hissel' he was fair shitherin' wi' rage.

"'Ay, that I wull,' says Sandy, canty-like and couthy. 'I left ma wee dog tied up to the shangie in the byre, and I maun hame to lowse him, for he canna thole the string.'

"Well, I doot Mrs Downie's better able for to tell you the affcome o' that affair nor me, for I mind on Mr Downie's telling me that he sat twa hour wi' the Parish Council debatin' how they could best rid theirsel' o' the black sheep o' Peden Knowe. In the end there was a deputation went the same night to Chirstie's—the auld laird and Mr Downie and ane I canna mind and mysel' as counsel for the prosecution, so to speak.

"Sandy was sittin' glowerin' at the ingle side, and an ill-hadden, ill-faur'd loon he lookit, tho' I doot but what he was fleit. 'Chirstie,' says the laird, 'we've come to gie ye some gude advice, and if you're a wise wumman ye'll act on it.'

"He tell't her then plain eneuch that Sandy Sinclair was ower muckle for ony female to manage, and that he wad bring disgrace on her if she wadna pairt wi' him. There was a chance, he said, o' gettin' the lad awa' to Australia, whaur they'd maybe make a decent, well-doin' man o' him yet, wi' muckle wark and a pickle siller.

"Chirstie was standin' a' thon while wi' ae haund to her hinch and t'ither to her besom. She's ill to do wi', as ye'll likely ken, when it comes to advice, for she's ane that winna tak' tellin'! And maybe she was fond o' the lad in a thrawn kind o' fashion, and was sweirt to let him awa!

"'I'll not can deny,' she says, 'but that Sandy's mislippen me. He's a daft, upsittin', ill-gi'en loon, and maybe I'd be well quit o' him. But I dinna like to let on I'm beat. I can thole him a while langer, and I'll tak' tent o' him aifter yon.'

"I mind yet the way Sandy lookit frae Chirstie to the laird as the talk went forrit. He put me in mind o' a puir beastie that's to be put an end to some way.

"'Now listen to me,' says the laird, as kindly as could be, and no vexed at her plain speaking; 'you're ane for the auld Scotch sayings, and ye'll ken the truth o' thae twa:

"Better a finger aff than aye waggin'," and "Better sune as syne." If you let the lad awa' now, they'll hae time to learn him a trade in Australia. If ye put it aff and come speirin' at me to get rid o' him in a year or twa, it'll be ower late then.'

"Yon was the finish o't, and Chirstie said nae mair. She sorted his bits o' things and redd him up the best way she could, and he went clean and respectable—I'll say that for her; and she was well rid o' the young limb."

"Ay, Mr Begg," ejaculated the sympathetic Miss Jameson, "but Chirstie missed the lad. I mind of Postie telling me at the New Year time the way she'd be waitin' on his passing, looking for a letter frae Australia, though she'd never let on that this was in her mind."

"She lookit lang, then, afore she got word frae Sandy," said Mr Begg, who was gazing at his watch and the station clock alternately as though he believed neither, "for I was at the post-office when it came; and my! but Chirstie was a proud wumman thon day! She gee'd me a glime o' the letter, and I can see it yet—great big letters, but no' that ill-written either."

"Mr Downie saw to that," interjected his widow proudly.

"He was speirin' aifter this yin and thon yin, but never a word did he let on aboot hissel', and what he was aifter in Australia. There was anither letter cam twa year later, and I mind o' seeing that yin too, and at the foot he says: 'I've sabbit a wee syne I left Peden Knowe, and I've dune nae sae badly for mysel'. I'll maybe can pay ye yet in braw siller for your skelpings.' I didna just like the sound o' yon, but Chirstie seemed content-like."

"She would be that," again interjected Mrs Downie with some contempt. "The kind that's aye lookin' for impudence 'll maybe not see it when it's staring them in the face."

"And to think that she never had word again till his name was in the papers!" cried Miss Jameson. "It was William saw it first, for I mind of his coming off the seven train wi' the 'Herald' in his haund. 'And is this no' our Sandy?' says he; and he shows me a heap o' print wi' 'Mr Alexander Sinclair' at the top. 'Romantic rise of a young Scotch emigrant,' it says, and —Mercy on us! Preserve us a'!"

This ejaculation from Euphemia signified that the hero of romance was upon them in the flesh. A shriek from the approaching engine announced his imminence, and gave Mr Soutar barely time to give a last injunction to the members of his Committee.

"Now see and let bygones be bygones. There's no use in putting Mr Sinclair in mind of what's best forgot."

It was doubtful if many of the group heard this admonition, for their eyes were fixed upon the onrushing train, and its roar was in their ears. A head had appeared at a window,

and a grey soft hat was waved in their direction.

So moved was Mrs Downie from her wonted composure that she gripped Mrs Moffat—with whom she had not been on speaking terms for fully a year—by the arm, and lapsed into the vernacular, "Yon's him!" she cried. "I ken him by his red heid, and he's travellin' first. Eh, lovens, see the braw claes he's on!"

A tall spare figure in a light grey suit sprang from the carriage door before the train came to a standstill, and alighted almost on Mr Soutar's toes. For a moment angularity confronted rotundity, and then a grin of recognition overspread the new-comer's face.

"Bob Soutar, as I live!" he cried, "and in a lum hat! Man, what's turned you Tory?"

"Mr Sinclair!" With an authoritative wave of the hand, the Chairman of the Reception Committee dismissed the irrelevant query, and signified that the Address of Welcome must first be delivered. "The honour devolves upon me, sir, of welcoming you back to your birthplace. Peden Knowe is proud to claim you as her son——"

"One minute, Mr Soutar," exclaimed the guest of honour, "there are friends here that I must shake hands with first. Mrs Downie, you've changed little, and your face puts me in mind of the tawse. You should have brought them along with you to-day for the sake of auld lang syne."

Mrs Downie felt without looking round that Mrs Moffat was amused. Why this young man should go out of his way to throw ridicule on Mr Downie's memory and her face she could not say. All she could do was to show him that she knew how to take an affront with dignity.

Mr Soutar meantime was standing reproachfully with his notes in his hand waiting to continue the address, but the Minister of Queensland's Railways had now caught sight of Mr Begg, and was shaking him by the hand.

"You're looking fine, sir. And how many bad characters have you had under lock and key in the coal-shed since I left?"

Mr Begg was so taken aback by this direct reference to the unmentionable past that he could only look at the Chairman for his cue, and the latter did not fail him. Mr Soutar's patience was now at an end, and in the loud commanding tone that he had used in old electioneering days with an unruly audience, he resumed his speech.

"Peden Knowe, sir, is proud to claim you as her son, and to welcome a distinguished statesman from His Majesty's Dominions——"

Again Mr Soutar was held up, and by a gesture fully as commanding as his own. The distinguished statesman's roving eye had been travelling from face to face during the Chairman's short innings, and now he gave expression to what was in his mind in a voice that drowned Mr Soutar's. "Where's

Chirstie ? " he asked, " Chirstie Macqueen ? "

There was a long pause. Every one looked inquiringly at everybody else. Where *was* Chirstie Macqueen ? It was a question that ought perhaps to have occurred to them all sooner ; but it had never entered their minds, for the simple reason that Chirstie, poor old body, was not one of the folk that you put on Peden Knowe Committees. It was absurd to think of her sitting alongside Mrs Downie, for example, or even Mr Jameson (for all his defence of her). Perhaps she should have been asked to attend on the platform to-day, but then she might have seen through the compromise and taken offence. She was quite as " tifty " in the temper as Mrs Downie.

It was the guest of honour now who was showing signs of temper. He repeated his question with an impatient note in his voice. As one man the Committee turned again for guidance to their chosen spokesman, but on this occasion he failed them. He could not abandon the delivery of his address.

" Honoured in the Councils," he murmured vaguely. He had missed a sentence with all those interruptions, and his finger was on the wrong place.

" Honour be hanged," said the new-comer (or words to that effect, for Mr Begg heard it as something stronger). " Where's Chirstie Macqueen ? "

Mr Soutar realised at last that if he did not placate the Minister of Queensland's Railways with some reply to his inquiry, a good deal more than the Address of Welcome might go by the board.

" I cannot really say why Miss Macqueen is not forward," he said soothingly, looking up and down the platform as though she might have concealed herself somewhere. " A little oversight on somebody's part, no doubt. Maybe she took it you were arriving by car. But if you will now accompany us on foot to the public hall—only a three minutes' walk as you may recollect —we will have a message left at Miss Macqueen's door as we pass, telling her to follow us to the hall, where tea is to be taken after the opening ceremony. This way, if you please, Mr Sinclair."

The Chairman used his tall hat to indicate with one sweep of the arm the platform exit, the three minutes' walk, and the adjacent hall, and then, having replaced it on his head, led the way out on to the public road.

It was a very glum-looking guest of honour that stood bare-headed whilst the school children sang their " Song of Welcome "—so glum - looking that Mr Begg could not refrain from whispering to his next-door neighbour that " he doubted the ill-hadden, ill-faur'd loon was no deid yet." And it was a silent guest that stalked up the road by the Chairman's side towards the village. At

the heels of these two the Reception Committee followed —more like children in disgrace than folk of weight and standing. Clearly "some one had blundered," but the blame was not easily apportioned. It looked now as if Mr Soutar's idea, after long incubation, was going to prove addled after all.

As for Mr Soutar, he was feeling thoroughly put about, and surely he had good reason. To be elected Chairman of a Reception Committee, to plan every detail of the programme, to prepare a fitting address, and then to have the whole thing flouted and flung back in your face, and all because an old woman of no consequence had not been bidden to the platform—fegs! it was enough to rouse all the Socialism in one. "A man's a man for a' that," though he be only Chairman of a Peden Knowe Committee, and the other a Cabinet Minister from the Dominions.

Mr Soutar's thoughts at this stage were broken in upon by an abrupt question from the guest of honour. "Is that not Chirstie's house?" he said, jerking his head in the direction of a harled "but and ben" standing a little back from the road.

"It is," said Mr Soutar, "and I'll tell off Mr Moffat to bring Miss Macqueen along with him later. We're behind time now, for we were due at the hall at 12.30 prompt, and we've got the Baldoch Prize Band waiting."

The visitor stopped suddenly and turned upon his startled companion. "Look here, Mr Soutar," he said, "do you expect me to pass Chirstie Macqueen's door after nineteen years' absence and not stop and ask for her? If you do, then you're not the Bob Soutar I remember holding forth about equality and fraternity at the town-foot of a Saturday evening; and I'm not Sandy Sinclair either if I give in to you. I'm going to stop at Chirstie's door now, and tell her I'm coming in to see her as soon as the hall is opened—and the band can wait."

Those following closest at heel came in for the end of this speech, and were duly impressed.

"Ye could tell fine he'd been bossing the folk out Australia way," said Mr Begg later. "He had Bob fair whammled, and there's no many can say thon."

The Committee and the crowd behind were all eyes and ears now as they watched Mr Soutar go forward obediently and knock twice on Chirstie's door. Some seconds passed during which no notice of the knock was taken. Then the door was opened cautiously, and a grey head peered out at the crowd. It was plain enough, as Euphemia whispered to Janet Downie, that "the puir body's no redd up." Janet agreed as to the fact, but refused Chirstie her sympathy.

"It's fair impudence in the woman letting on as though

she didn't expect company. Chirstie's no fool, an's she's just making game of us."

From the half-opened door came an angry voice—

"What's a' yon dirdum?" it inquired, "and wha's chappin' at sic an hour o' the forenoon? I'm no through wi' ma wark, and I'm no ettlin' strangers neither, and I'll thank you, Mr Soutar, to leave me to get on wi' ma bit turn."

"Miss Macqueen," said Mr Soutar with due solemnity, "this is no ordinary interruption——"

But the guest of honour quickly interposed. "Chirstie," said he, lifting his hat, "hae ye forgotten Sandy Sinclair?"

"I'll take Miss Macqueen, if you please," said the lady distantly. Then she stood, hands on hips, and stared at him. It gave the onlookers a queer impression to see the two confronting each other—their distinguished visitor bareheaded in the dock, so to speak, before this unkempt old woman at her cottage door, sitting in judgment upon him.

"So yon's Sandy, eh? The spelderin' halflin I mindit, and the wean I skelpit? A fine gentleman noo, in his braw claes wi' a handkerchief to his pocket. Mony's the flytin' I gie'd ye for takin' yir sleeve to yir neb.

"I aye tell't ye ye were a cheat-the-wuddy rogue, and that ye wad come to a bad end if ye didna mend yir ways. I was maybe snell eneuch, but ye've ta'en a fleg in the nick o' time, I'm thinking. It's easy seein' the change, for it sets ye weel, but it's no' sae easy accountin' for it. Ye were a bad lad, and I've been weel rid o' ye a' thae years, but I'll say this for ye: ye've wrastled through whaur a wheen wadna, and ye've pickled in yir ain pock-neuk and made a man o' yirsel'. I bear ye nae ill-wull, and here's ma haund til't, Sandy."

With that she wiped her hand on her apron, and extended it graciously towards the visitor.

It was then that Euphemia Jameson had the satisfaction of seeing this romance of real life culminate as she and Lizzie would have wished — Lizzie being her little maid, with whom she shared those dreams of romantic novelette situations that she dared not disclose to Janet Downie.

To Lizzie's sympathetic ear she poured out her contentment later in the evening.

"Lizzie, it was just lovely!" she sighed. "It fair beat the pictures. When she wraxed him her haund, he stepped forrit, so that he had her whaur she couldna draw back, and he kissed her twice on the cheek. Ay! he did that in the face o' a' yon crowd, and wi' Chirstie lookin' gae thrawn and affrontit the while.

"'Chirstie!' says he ('Chirstie plain, mind you, and no' Miss Macqueen')—'Chirstie, ma dear, I've got to thank you for the first real welcome I've had in Peden Knowe the day'!"

ALSO OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT.

BY BRIG.-GENERAL COSMO STEWART, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

DURING the summer of 1893, while serving in a mountain battery on the frontier of India, I was informed I had been "selected by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India for Special Duty at Gilgit," and in due course the official announcement appeared in the 'Gazette of India.'

It is always a matter of self-congratulation for a youngster to be able to flatter himself that he has been selected by a Commander-in-Chief for anything! And when that something is described with capital letters in the 'Gazette' as Special Duty, he may almost be pardoned if for a time he becomes offensive! In those days a Commander-in-Chief was a *rara avis*, and to receive his approbation, however formally, was a real feather in one's cap. Now there are so many of these high-sounding titles in the British Army that each has become comparatively small fry, and the opinion of one carries little or no weight with another; while he who most nearly approaches to that high dignity has to be called something else in peace time, which means something quite different, for fear of treading on some one else's toes! But I was much too young and unsophisticated to appreciate such technical niceties, and the sweet taste remained in my mental mouth!

After a march of close on 400 miles from Rawal Pindi *viâ* the Khaghan Valley and Chilas over difficult mule-tracks and the high Babusar Pass, I arrived in Gilgit in November, and at once proceeded to join No. 2 Kashmir Imperial Service Mountain Battery in camp some 20 miles out of Gilgit. My principal duty was to act as instructor to the battery in peace time, and in the event of service to act as far as necessary as commandant. It was shortly after the Hunza-Nagar expedition; the garrison of Gilgit had been largely augmented, and consisted almost entirely of newly-raised Kashmir Imperial Service troops. The country was extraordinarily difficult, lying in the heart of some of the greatest mountains in the world. The only communications consisted of rough rocky tracks, often unfit to ride along even on a hill pony, and which were confined to the main valleys.

These were little more than slits thousands of feet deep, ploughed out in the course of ages by the great glaciers, and the river torrents, which foamed down unfordable to join the mighty Indus. Bridges were conspicuous by their absence, and such as there were had

been constructed by the field engineers out of telegraph wire on the suspension principle; the hillsides into the valleys were precipitous for miles at a stretch; practically no rain or snow fell in the main valleys, which were arid and barren, except where at long intervals water had been led on to the general waste by means of small irrigation channels from side nullahs, and then little oases would bloom forth in spring, rich in apricot blossom and verdant green.

Cultivation was very scanty. Local resources could contribute little or nothing towards the needs of the troops, and practically all supplies had to be transported painfully on pack animals or coolies for more than 250 miles over high passes from Bandipore, the base in Kashmir. This transport ate up everything in the nature of fodder like a cloud of locusts along the road, and often the crops of the hapless villagers as well.

It followed that the mountain battery at Gilgit had a strenuous time. When I arrived, it spent the greater part of its time on the move from one village to another within a radius of about 20 miles of Gilgit in pursuit of the fodder in each, which consisted chiefly of the stubble left in the fields, an almost negligible quantity. The Kashmir supply officials were not tender-hearted, and I used to wonder who had the worst time, the villagers from whom the last blade of fodder was extracted, or the battery, who were informed that the grazing on the wheat stubble was all that could be desired, and was only supplemented (to a small degree!) out of the fulness of heart of the director of supplies! It was little use the commandant representing that the village sheep and goats had had the first look in at the grazing before the battery arrived, and that his mules were ready to eat twigs, blankets, straps, or anything they could lay their teeth into! They required all day to pick up anything; while at the same time rations for men and grain for animals had to be fetched for 20 miles over the vile roads from Gilgit with only half the usual transport establishment allowed to a battery in India. Then there were the everlasting moves from one place to another, and all this had to take place before any training as such could be carried out.

I received a cordial welcome from the battery, all ranks turning out to see what manner of person was their new Sahib. The commandant met me with, "The whole battery is happy, Sahib, now that you have arrived, because they feel they have at last got their own Sahib to teach them!"

A first inspection was not comforting. The battery had only come up to Gilgit the summer before, a few months after being raised. I knew that from one cause or another it had scarcely ever had a British officer present with it for in-

structional purposes, and I had not expected much; but it was immediately apparent that as a battery it was in its present state quite unfit for service.

It was equipped with four 7-pounder guns of 200 lb. weight, a full establishment of very good ordnance mules, and baggage transport for half the battery only, in all about 150 men, 80 ordnance and 25 baggage animals. The personnel of one section (half the battery) were the very best of Dogras, men slow in the uptake, but once taught steady and reliable, very amenable to discipline, all hardy hillmen of good physique, particular about their caste, simple and lovable.

The other section were Muhammadans, recruited chiefly also from the hills round Jummoo, with a sprinkling of men of Pathan extraction. The Jummoo Muhammadans were also of the Rajput Dogra race, descendants of men who had been forcibly converted to Islam as fire and sword were carried forwards and backwards through the land by the fanatical tribesmen from Kabul and Ghazni on their devastating raids. These men had the same characteristics as their comrades of the Dogra section. It is a curious thing that, although Muhammadans and Hindus in India hate each other very cordially, rather on the same principle that the bigoted black Protestant of Ulster and the "Roman" of the country with the unintelligible and unpronounceable name that used to be Ireland hate each other, the Hindu State of Jummoo and Kashmir never seemed to have difficulty in securing Muhammadan servants, who served them well. (Perhaps it would be so in Ireland also if they would but try?) But those of the locally inferior faith never quite thought they got fair dues, and there was continual intrigue of a petty nature going on beneath the surface.

I joined No. 2 Kashmir Battery at a little village called Sharot, 20 miles out of Gilgit towards Chitral, in the middle of November while one of their periodical moves was still taking place. All animals without exception were still engaged in fetching supplies, tents, stores, &c., which had been left 20 miles the other side of Gilgit. The cold was severe, the weather cloudy, and even if fine we only saw the sun for two or three hours daily in the narrow valley. The men had a bad time of it lying out in the open until their tents came up; the ration of firewood was meagre, and the cold soon became bitter at night, with a wind fit to cut one in two, which whistled down from the snows, and commenced to blow almost exactly at 1 A.M.

As I said, a first inspection was not comforting. Half the mules had sore backs, most of them very bad; officers and men were keen as mustard, and therein lay my hope. But the personnel was woefully de-

ficient of even elementary training as gunners, and the battery entirely deficient of training as a unit. The saddlery had never been properly fitted, which is a first necessity in a mountain battery, where the loads are considerable, and some of them very awkward and top-heavy. The men were often short of rations, insufficiently clothed, and needed taking care of; the animals out of condition and neglected. It was difficult to see how one was ever going to get things right with the constant fatigues.

After having a thorough look round, I had a pow-wow with the commandant, and represented to him that if, as I somehow always imagined would be the case, trouble arose in Chitral, the battery in its then state was quite unfit for service. Something drastic was evidently necessary, and I said I proposed to report the battery unfit for service on account of sore backs and lack of training, which I attributed to men and mules being so constantly employed on transport work and getting no opportunity to learn their own work. Further, that I would take over and personally attend to the animal sick lines, as the veterinary assistant was of little use, his highest qualification consisting in having "failed" in his examination as such at the veterinary college in Lahore, and I felt more competent with my training in a field battery and with the aid of Fitzwygram's and Hayes' excellent books. All animals going on and coming off transport fatigues would parade for my inspection, and I would fit all saddles; then if men brought in sore backs they must be punished if there was no obvious cause. I would write out the elementary gun drill by numbers in Hindustani with the aid of the battery clerk; and the commandant must then see to it that the necessary copies were made, and that all officers and men learnt it by heart and became proficient.

He agreed at once, as no one could have been keener to improve his show. So I wrote into Gilgit, and said I must decline to be responsible for the efficiency of the battery unless some arrangement were come to with the supply officials by which the battery would remain for at least four months of the winter in one place, and be so rationed, &c., that none but the transport establishment were employed on the ceaseless fatigues for this purpose. Otherwise, I added, I requested I might be relieved straight away of a duty I felt I could not perform usefully. The British Agent at the time was a fine old fighting soldier of the Panjab Frontier Force, and my bomb-shell, which I followed up by a visit to explain matters, was very kindly received. After much trouble I was given the required undertaking, and I returned to the battery rejoicing; the first essential condition had been

gained, and my own resignation had not been accepted. The battery received the news with equal joy, and my "izzat" was at once established, as having won for them a moral victory. This was increased when I got a grant for them of about six hundred rupees, as compensation for clothing worn out on fatigues.

We then set to work in earnest, and work it was from dawn till after dark! The keenness shown by all ranks was wonderful. The standing gun drill was written out and copied, and they drilled for hours, and simply never stopped until I expressed my satisfaction and told them they were becoming smart. Over 40 mules were turned into the sick lines, and I attended to them all twice daily, and got the "failed" veterinary assistant as keen as anybody. I taught officers and non-commissioned officers and saddlers how to fit pack-saddles, and sat down and worked with the latter and showed them how to work the double-cross stitch, and we soon got the saddles right. When it was too dark to see, we all sat down in the gun park, and the most primitive classes were held and the most primitive questions asked. Every animal coming off fatigues was inspected by the commandant and myself, and those galled turned straight into the sick lines. We built walls round the men's tents, and generally made them more comfortable.

We got to know each other wonderfully quick, and I won their confidence and their affection, and they showed their gratitude in various small ways. The commandant took to sending me half a sheep, which in Gilgit was an offering fit for the gods; and I was serenaded in the evening by the trumpeters playing all manner of weird calls which I had never heard, some of them very pretty. These were invariably prefaced by the "General Salute" for a general officer, which tickled me, and which I hoped showed what they thought I ought to be! But I had to put my foot down over the half sheep. I did not know how they were come by, or whether the wretched villagers had ever been paid for them. It took quite a lot of explaining and some tact to impress the fact that I could take no gifts other than flowers or fruit, although I reserved to myself the right of presenting sheep or goats to the officers or men myself on great occasions.

Various amusing incidents occurred. Sore backs, though much less frequent, still continued to appear after every trip into Gilgit. I told the commandant the men must be riding during the long marches on the tops of the saddles on top of their loads, which he would never admit, as he had ordered that this should not be done. So one day I took him out several miles to meet a party coming back from Gilgit.

We waylaid them in a low manner, and came round a sharp corner unexpectedly as they were descending a rough rocky track the other side, no more than practicable at the best of times for a heavily loaded mule. Sure enough, the men were riding on top of their loads. I only said, "Commandant Sahib, you must punish the men for this!"

Sore backs stopped as if by magic. A fortnight or so later, I said to him, "Commandant Sahib, I am greatly pleased to see no sore backs these last two weeks; how did you manage it?" He replied, "Sahib, you told me to punish men who brought in sore backs. From the day we went out and met those men and saw them, every man bringing in a galled animal has had seven days in irons!" I got rather a shock, as such punishments were scarcely in accordance with the Indian Articles of War. I suggested the punishment was rather more than befitted the crime, even in a mountain battery; but the effect was so excellent I did not wish unduly to discourage him, and we were never again troubled with sore backs.

On another occasion I went into the gun park to see what went on when the men first fell in at what is known as "squad parade" before the officers came on parade, as a lot of unnecessary time was always wasted. I noticed the men did not salute the guns when falling in. This was an old-established custom among native gunners, who took their oath of allegiance with one hand on their holy book and the other on the breech of their gun, and I wanted to make the service of their gun to them the next thing to their religion, and even a part of it. So when the commandant and I were discussing various matters as usual later in the day, I said—

"A terrible thing happened on parade to-day, Commandant Sahib!"

"What was it, Sahib?" he at once replied anxiously.

"When the men fell in for squad parade in the gun park, they did not salaam to their guns!"

"But should they, Sahib? We were never taught that down in Jummoo."

"Certainly they should, Commandant Sahib," I replied; "do they not take their oath to their Gun, to serve it faithfully and well; to live by it and die by it, and always to maintain it in honour? And is not their Gun their father and their mother? And is not the gun park as the threshold of their temple, not to be entered lightly by any save gunners only? And is not a sentry placed over the guns to see that their honour is always maintained? I have never known such a thing to occur before."

"Beshak (without doubt), Sahib," he said, "it shall be attended to at once. The Sahib must forgive it to us,

because it is due to our ignorance."

I never had any further cause of complaint in this respect, and never did I again see the men fall in without first halting at attention as they entered the gun park and saluting their guns. I also made a point of saluting the battery when I came on parade myself, and this they all noticed; I was to them the unquestioned authority, and as such their high priest in such matters. They came to look on them as something sacred.

This incident had an interesting sequel during the Chitral Expedition in 1895. No. 1 Battery had by then relieved No. 2 Battery, but having only been raised and sent to Gilgit in 1894, it was in an almost precisely similar state on arrival, and the same principles were inculcated.

The Dogra section of No. 1 Battery came into action for the first time at Chakalwat against the enemy. As it was on service and the situation critical, I had taken command, and had issued orders as to target and other firing instructions. I was particularly careful not to hustle the men the first time, as there were bullets flying about, and the infantry alongside had had a few casualties. After allowing ample time for loading, laying, &c., of the guns, I ordered the first gun to fire, and put up my glasses to observe the fall of the shell. Nothing happened, and after a pause I looked round to see what was wrong. The gunners of the detachment were all most punctiliously salaaming to the gun before firing their first round in action, and not only to the gun, but also to the first shell to go off, and to the first cartridge to expedite it on its way, and to the first fuze so that it might burst it correctly! All came in for this token of respect, each gunner touching each of these important accessories with his right hand, and then touching his forehead.

I said nothing till the first round from each gun had been loosed off, and then told them it was only desirable to salaam to the *first* round, and when the action was over addressed them, and told them they had done quite well, but that they had been too slow in letting off the first rounds.

The commandant replied, "Beshak, Sahib; but the Sahib taught us to salaam to the guns when we fell in on parade. This was the first time we had ever fought our guns in action, and every man thought he was surely going to be killed. The guns are now our father and our mother, and every man wished to perform his salaam to the first round, that all might be well with it, and that it would hit and destroy as desired. This thing will now be correct in the future." And so it was. After that first day at Sharot the men fairly worshipped their guns.

Indeed, they actually did so, both Hindus and Muhammadans. The following summer, when we were up in our summer grazing camp and the relief of the batteries had taken place, the commandant came to have a chat about matters generally one day, as was his custom. He talked away for some time, and knowing him very well, I realised he had something on his mind which he wanted to say, and did not quite like to begin. "Commandant Sahib," I said eventually, "I am sure there is something you would like to talk about. What is it?"

"Yes, Sahib," he replied, "there is. The battery has considered the matter, and they wish to put one day in the year aside, on which they desire to do 'pooja' (*i.e.*, worship) to the guns, and observe as a festival. As we are with the Sahib, we do not know what he would think of it, as we know he has not the same ideas on these matters of worship as we have, and we wish to know if he would approve of it."

I assured him at once. "I quite agree, Commandant Sahib; it is an excellent thing that the young men should honour and do pooja to their guns. By all means settle the day you would like, and do so."

The day was settled, and I asked him in what manner it would be celebrated. "Early in the morning, Sahib," he replied, "the battery will attend stables as usual. Mules will then be led out to water in the river, and turned out to graze on the mergs. All the men will then go out on the hillsides and gather flowers (which grew luxuriantly, the summer camp being up at an elevation of some 9000 feet). They will return by noon and place the flowers in the gun park, and then they will all go down to the river and wash themselves and their clothes and dry them. The men of each gun will then weave their flowers into garlands, which will be hung on the guns. At 3 P.M. worship will be done in the gun park, the Grunthi (Hindu priest) conducting that of the Hindus and the Mullah that for the Muhammadans. The rest of the day will be observed as a holiday, and in the evening, after the mules have returned from the merg and have been watered and piquetted and fed, there will be a 'burra khana' (*i.e.*, feast), for which we will provide goats to be eaten, and all will be very happy. Plenty of firewood will have been collected, and there will be a big camp fire in front of the gun park, where the evening meal will be taken. After every one has well eaten, there will be singing and dancing round the fire, and all will be very merry. If the Sahib approves, First and Last Post (lights out) will not be sounded until late."

"I think it is all very excellent, Commandant Sahib," I said, "but are not half of the men Muhammadans? Will

they also be willing and desirous of doing pooja to the guns? And will not the Dogras object to the Muhammadans being present in the same place while they pray and eat their food, and perhaps *vice versa*?"

"No, Sahib, that is all arranged. All will wish to pray, each after the manner of his own faith. In this thing we are all as one, for are we not all one battery? And did not the Sahib himself instruct us that we should all salute the guns when we fell in, whether we be Hindus or Muhammadans? I will be present with the Hindus, and Sher Khan, the Muhammadan Jemadar (*i.e.*, subaltern officer) will be present with the Muhammadans. We are all really of one stock also, the Dogra Rajputs, and we are happy together, even if some are Muhammadans. The Muhammadans will be greatly offended if they are not also permitted to conduct their own pooja after their own manner, and without this being so, it would not be possible to set apart this day at all for this purpose."

"I am very pleased, Commandant Sahib, to hear what you say. And I shall be still more pleased if I may be allowed, after the prayers and the feast are over, to come with you and see it all, for I also am anxious to do honour to the guns on this day. And I will be delighted if you will issue an extra ration of tea and gur (*i.e.*, mollasses or unrefined sugar) for all, and let me know the cost of the goats, that I may pay for them."

The old gentleman's face fairly beamed, and he said, "Bahut achcha (very good), Sahib; the battery will be very pleased."

We chatted for some time, and I could see the commandant had still something on his mind that he wanted to say before he left, so I again asked him what it was.

"Yes, Sahib; it is this. In our minds there is no honour equal to that which the guns confer themselves when they open their mouths and speak; we wish to finish this day by firing a salute out of the guns in honour of the guns themselves. But here again we do not know whether the Sahib will approve, and we know the ammunition is the property of the Sirkar, and for this the Sahib keeps the account."

"Certainly, Commandant Sahib, also fire the salute in honour of the guns. How many guns will you fire?"

"That, Sahib, we do not know, and we are in difficulty over it. If we were down in Jummoo, where we fire twenty-one guns as a salaam for the Maharajah Sahib, we consider we should fire nineteen in honour of the guns themselves. But up here in Gilgit we do not know how many we should fire. What does the Sahib think?"

The point was a knotty one, and important in the eyes of the native; one gun too few or too many might give rise

to much comment. But a brilliant idea struck me.

"How many guns do you fire in the Gilgit Agency as a salaam for the British Agent?"

"Thirteen, Sahib."

"Then I think, Commandant Sahib, it would be fit and proper to fire twelve in honour of the guns themselves."

The answer evidently gave him the greatest satisfaction; every gun in a salute means more to the native mind than we can imagine, and it was obviously not possible to do the guns greater honour than to fire only one less in salutation to them than was laid down to be fired for the representative of the Queen-Empress.

The appointed day arrived, and was duly observed by all ranks in their simple manner, with many signs of genuine reverence and rejoicing by the followers of the Prophet as well as by the Hindus. The ceremony of personal ablution and the washing of clothes, to which considerable religious significance attaches in India, was observed with much light-heartedness and a good deal of chaffing, after which all donned their best. The guns were smothered in pretty and tastefully made wreaths of wild flowers; the devotions were carried out with every sign of veneration and earnestness; the feast was plentiful and suitably appreciated; and the singing and dancing round a huge camp fire lasted well on into the night. Just before midnight the trumpeters sounded the regimental call of the Royal Artillery, followed by the "Fall In," the wreaths were removed and the guns brought into action, and as the battery gong struck the first note of twelve, the first round of the salute of twelve guns was fired, "out of the guns, in honour of the guns themselves."

The battery then stood to attention, and I addressed them briefly, wishing them all good luck, and exhorting them when the time should ever come to take their guns into action in earnest, to remember how they had done honour to them that day at Rattoo, and to see to it that they did equal honour to their guns in the presence of the enemy; for as the earnest prayer of the righteous man is deserving of much, so in like manner as they served their guns in action would the guns do them honour in return.

So ended a great day! And I returned to my hut that night satisfied that if ever indeed we did go into action together, the bond between gun and gunner was as strong as I could forge it. The day came the next year at the Nisa Gol fight when they were subjected to a great trial, and half of the men serving the two guns were killed or wounded; the bond held, and never a man flinched.

Few people outside the Army realise the bond between gun and gunner. Although outwardly it may be demonstrated in some respects in a different manner, it is precisely the same spirit that exists among British

gunners. The failure to grasp this feeling of loyalty and devotion was plain in the correspondence which appeared in the 'Times' after the unveiling of the Memorial to those of the Royal Regiment who fell in the Great War. Old ladies and others, who cannot have the faintest notion of what this feeling is and what it represents among gunners, should refrain from making themselves ridiculous in the public press.

Among the simple and unsophisticated natives of India, what is more natural than that the gun should represent something to be held in awe and reverence, as the arbiter of victory with its mighty voice? So it has always been since the introduction of artillery, and the officer who does not foster this spirit fails grievously in his duty. Because the honour of his gun is the honour of his king and country, and the gun is the altar on which he offers his sacrifice to both. This was why, at the impressive memorial service held by the regiment in the cathedral of St Paul's to those who had fallen in the Great War, an 18-pounder field gun was installed in the chancel of the church.

Christmas of 1893 still found us under canvas at Sharot. The cold became intense, and the stream descending from the steep hillside at the back of the camp would freeze up in the night when the water reached the more level ground, and overflowing from its bed on to the mule standings, there would be two or three inches of ice under the animals in the morning. In the swiftly flowing river itself, the spray splashing up over the uncovered rocks and boulders would freeze as it fell, and it was not unusual to see them buried in a foot or more of ice.

The battery clock was a primitive one. It consisted of a large metal bowl, filled partially with water; in this floated another smaller bowl, with a hole punched in it of such a size that the smaller bowl would fill and sink in approximately one hour. It was part of the duty of the sentry on the gun park to attend to this water clock, empty the small bowl as soon as it sank and float it again, at the same time striking the hour on the gong. He could be depended on to do this, as if he neglected to do so his own period of sentry-go would be prolonged! But when the hard frost came the water froze, and the clock stopped. Watches were few and far between, and my own soon got out of order. But it was curious how accurate one got in estimating the time by the sun or the light of day. I have never lost the art since, and am seldom out more than five minutes or so at making a guess.

Those first two winters up at Gilgit we worked very hard. When the sore backs were cured, and we got some opportunity to train after my ultimatum, mules and men had to be taught how to work over

difficult ground, as a mountain battery is only a useless encumbrance to troops on service if it cannot do so. To me the end in view was always a possible expedition to Chitral, or down the very difficult Indus valley below Chilas, by valleys along which for the greater part there would be no road, and if there was, only one deep down in the trough which it would be necessary to avoid; perhaps over high passes, and perhaps with unfordable rivers to be crossed, spanned by none but rope bridges. I told the commandant that when I could take out a gun with its detachment to stalk and shoot an oorial (*i.e.*, a species of wild mountain sheep frequenting the lower hills and very difficult of approach), I would consider the battery fit for a march to Chitral or down the Indus valley into the inhospitable tribal territory. Until I could do this, it did not matter how many mules fell down the khud on hill parades, for mules are extraordinarily like humans. Some have great hearts, and some have small ones; some will venture, and some will tremble and fall. And the latter are no use till they have fallen, for only thus will they learn that "where there is no fear, there is no danger." They seldom injure themselves seriously if they do fall, because the strongly-made saddles protect their spines.

Several days a week were spent on long hill parades. There was a joy and a sense of exhilaration about such work, only to be equalled by stalking or Alpine climbing, and it demanded soundness of wind and limb. A start would be made in the cold of the morning, some hill or distant spur being selected as the objective to be reached. The pioneer mules with tools and road-making parties would be sent in front under an officer charged with finding a practicable path up the stiff hillside, a task often requiring a quick eye for ground and ready resource.

If the going was expected to be very bad or in the snow, all spare and unladen animals followed immediately in rear of the pioneers, and then the mules with the least awkward loads, so that the best possible track should be stamped out for the heavily laden gun-line animals. Work with pick and crow-bar would often be necessary to prepare the way; in places it might become necessary to unload the mules to negotiate difficult corners; at others to assist them with drag-ropes. But as a rule the mules were left to themselves on a loose leading rein, and it was a very pretty sight, when trained and clever as cats, to see them with noses held low, picking their footsteps.

Gradually the battery would worm its way in zigzags up the steep khud-side in single file, surmounting one obstacle after another; now and again a stone would become dislodged from above, and go bounding down the hill; the nearest man then had to shout to warn those below, and it

was up to each and all to look after themselves. Or a mule would slip and fall down the khud; then, however bad the ground, assistance had to be got to him, the load and saddlery removed, and all retrieved, sometimes a ticklish job. As the ascent went on, the rocky slopes gave way to grass "mergs" with pines and flowers, and these in their turn to scrub oak and birch, and perhaps to snow. The view would gradually expand, and a wonderful prospect of mountain and valley unfold itself in all its grandeur, and this in itself would be a sufficient reward for all one's toil. Every hour or so a short halt would be called to let men and animals fetch their wind and to change loads, &c., until at last the goal would be reached after a pull of anything up to 4000 feet, with the sweat running off men and animals despite a biting wind. An imaginary target would be selected, the battery brought into action, and fire discipline practised with blank ammunition. The "voices of the guns" would boom forth down the valley, to come echoing back like thunder from the rocky hills all around.

This would be followed by a more lengthy halt and a hasty meal, and then the descent would commence by a different route, often the most tricky part of the day's work, as animals go much easier up than downhill. But the air was like champagne, and all the time Rudyard Kipling's ballad would be running in one's head:—

"The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moaning below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out on the rocks and the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away to the plains,
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jinglety jink o' the chains—Tss! Tss!

"There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old gun in 'er place—Tss! Tss!"

By the way, why is a gun always of feminine gender to her servants? Is it not for the same reason that has made the sailor's beautiful clean-built clipper a "she" to him? And hence "Mother"?

And so we set before ourselves a very high standard of mobility, as was indeed absolutely necessary if we were ever to be of any use in the Gilgit country. We learnt to venture in ground where nothing but a very efficient mule battery could attempt to go. We toiled on unremittingly, and at length had our reward. After those two first winters, both men and animals had become extraordinarily cunning in getting over bad ground, and we really thought we could travel anywhere where an infantryman could climb with his rifle and use it, always the

ambition of a mountain battery commander. I was as good as my word, and took a detachment out to shikhar an oorial in very bad ground. We got to within 400 yards undiscovered, and loosed off a shrapnel shell at him, which must have passed just over his head and burst beyond. Naturally he did not wait for another, but we had attained to our standard.

I dug an ancient copper or gun-metal 7-inch mortar out of the old Dogra fort in Gilgit, and made a bed for it to load on a mule, with a few rounds of empty spherical shell. The Director of Telegraphs in Kashmir gave us 200 yards of specially strong telegraph wire, and we obtained a supply of light rope. By attaching the rope to the empty shell, and paying it out on the ground in front of the mortar, the shell with the end of the rope could be fired across a span of nearly 100 yards, which was sufficient to carry it over any of the rivers except the Indus, if a suitable spot was selected. Thus men could be sent over such a river by the nearest rope bridge, the wire hauled across and made taut and fast, and with a good incline downwards from the battery side, the whole of the guns and equipment could be slung across on carriers, which ran freely over the wire. The mules we unsaddled, and with my plucky old mare to lead them, they were taken down to the river at a selected spot, and driven in to swim over, which we had no difficulty in getting them to do, as unhampered they could swim in almost any current. The men then crossed by the rope bridge. This operation was practised successfully several times, and again I felt we were equal to a march to Chitral.

That first winter we also carried out careful experiments against various patterns of stone "sangars," such as the inhabitants were in the habit of constructing as defences. In the Hunza campaign the sangars at Nilt had more or less completely defeated the two little guns of similar pattern present; the sangars had eventually to be carried by a very daring assault at dawn, led by Manners-Smith, who thereby won his Victoria Cross. The small shells—made of iron and not steel—as far as I could gather, had broken up on impact on the large stones of which the sangars were built, and being loaded with a bursting charge set off by a percussion fuze, I imagined rightly or wrongly that the full momentum of the projectile had not been expended in displacing the stones of the sangar. I went to Nilt and carefully examined the construction of what was left of these sangars, and we then built a number of different patterns to shoot at. This we did at different ranges, and with filled and plugged shell (the latter having the bursting charge drawn, and being filled with sand to render them more solid). The conclusion I came to was that to destroy a really strong sangar with our small guns, it was

necessary to get close up, as the initial velocity decreased rapidly with the range, and so consequently did the shock of impact; secondly, that plugged shell appeared to exert a greater displacement effect on large stones than live shell; and thirdly, that a considerably greater effect could be obtained by firing salvos of two or four shells at close range, with all guns aimed at precisely the same spot, thus utilising as far as possible the combined momentum of several shells at one point. This could be done effectually only from close range, as the little guns were none too accurate, and great accuracy was essential for the purpose. We built our sangars strong, but found thus we could break up almost anything with four guns.

Finally, Sir George Robertson, when he arrived as British Agent — he had been present at Nilt, and had ever since been sceptical as to the value of the little guns against such defences,—came out and witnessed some shooting, and expressed himself astonished and well satisfied with our results. The Senior Inspecting Officer with him was very complimentary regarding the smartness and general efficiency of the battery; and my old friend, General Baj Singh, commanding the Kashmir Imperial Service troops, told the commandant that he would make a special and very creditable report on the battery to Colonel Rajah Sir Ram Singh at Jummoo.

This was all that was wanting to establish finally an excellent standard of *esprit de corps*. Though our appearance on the line of march, with uniforms often in tatters as a result of much hard climbing, and with the mules loaded up with unconsidered but indispensable trifles in addition to their proper loads (as we only had half baggage transport), was not all that could be desired in a smart battery, yet if it came to business, we knew we were workmanlike, and would be able to give a good account of ourselves, and go anywhere.

With great generosity, a friend in the Agency, who had got up some mule loads of potatoes from Kashmir before the passes closed, sent me as a present at Christmas 40 lb. of them. This was no mean gift in Gilgit, where one seldom got fresh vegetables other than now and again the tops of lucerne grass grown in certain localities for animals, and where we had largely to subsist on tinned stores. I had one meal off the potatoes on Christmas Day, and kept all the rest for seed. Under the new arrangement made for winter quarters for the battery, it was possible when the season came to sow these in a piece of ground I had secured outside a little fort at a village called Nomal, 20 miles from Gilgit on the Hunza road. We reaped the crop, and again planted them nearly all as seed. The following season we again got a good crop, and enough to issue a free ration to all the men twice

a week through the winter, which was greatly appreciated. That year happened to be a particularly bad one for scurvy, and that the battery was the only unit that did not suffer from this disease I attributed entirely to the potato ration.

During that first winter, trouble seemed to be brewing Chilas way. I got permission to go down there, and was able to do a little reconnaissance on my own, and form some idea of what could be done with the mountain guns in the event of future disturbances.

Opposite Chilas Fort, on the Indus, lay the tribal territory of Tangir and Darel, into which one could not go. On the left bank, British territory stretched for some 10 miles down the river, which flowed in a rapid most of the way, and traversed a very bad gorge some miles in length. This was the direction in which I thought trouble most probable, and it was important to know if the battery could be got along. The political officer was not sanguine, and a visit to the mouth of the gorge failed to discover a practicable route. So we settled I should go down the river on a raft through the gorge, land on the left bank below it, and work my way back by the hills. With the assistance of the political officer, the services of two reliable local men were secured. The river was low at the time, and on a certain day I met them about a mile above the gorge, where they proposed to launch their raft. It consisted of eight large bullock mussacks, or sewn up and inflated skins, lashed to a skeleton framework of male bamboos. The men were examining the lashings of raw hide with great care, and adding some extra ones. They declined to take more than one passenger. They had never been down before, and could not say what the water would be like; but it was certain to test the lashings severely, and if we hit on a boulder, some of the mussacks were likely to burst or break away. They warned me I would have to hang on tight in any case.

We pushed out into the current, and were whirled away swiftly, the raft becoming almost unmanageable at once. How fast we went for the next four or five miles I never knew, but it seemed at great speed. The raft was twisted round and round like a cork, and the waves seemed in places as much as six feet high, the spray flying over us. There appeared to be very curious eddies in the water, and occasionally a mass of water would shoot straight up from underneath between the mussacks and bamboos, with sufficient force to have lifted one clean off the raft if not holding on tight. Once or twice the men got excited; once especially, when we were whirled towards a great wave, they seized their rough oars and pulled frantically to edge away from it. In this they were only partially successful, and we passed over the side of it in a cloud of spray. "Sahib," one of them shouted,

"there is a great rock below that wave. We cannot say how far below the surface the top of it is. Had we touched the top, the raft would have gone to pieces like matchwood."

It seemed to me, if that were the case, that we were skimming over submerged rocks half the time. The noise of the waters almost prevented one, even when shouted at, from hearing anything. In an incredibly short space we were through the gorge, the water became quieter, and the men were able to guide the raft to shore. Three of the big mussacks had been torn from their lashings and had disappeared; a little more, and the raft might well have collapsed or upset. The men assured me they would not repeat the experiment!

I left them to dismantle their raft, and carry back the remaining mussacks as best they could, and started off up the hill to find my own way back. The ground was difficult, but eventually after some searching I found what I had come to look for, a practicable route for laden battery mules. I had to ascend 1500 feet, and make a considerable detour, but the only real difficulty was in finding a way down again on the Chilas side. Some pioneer work was necessary here for the first couple of hundred feet of the ascent at a little distance from the river, and easy enough when one knew the right point to start from.

It was an exciting experience, and gave one an idea of the tremendous power of a great river confined in a narrow bed.

When the first spring came round, I made several expeditions up lesser valleys to seek a good grazing ground for the mules during the summer months, in order to economise fodder for the winter, and eventually found an excellent spot 20 miles on the Kashmir side of Astor up the Kamri valley, at the head of which was a pass of that name 13,000 feet high. A fair track ran over this to rejoin the main road from Bandipore, the base for supplies in Kashmir, and an early convoy coming this way used to drop us supplies.

Some 20 miles to the west, the great and wonderful cliffs of mighty Nanga Parbat towered up in all their glory, with only two minor ridges in between, so that one gazed straight at the last eight or ten thousand feet of eternal snow and ice. Nothing could have exceeded the beauty and magnificence of the view, and the mountain was well worthy of the name it was commonly known by among the inhabitants, of "Paristan" or Fairyland.

In the opposite direction lay the grazing grounds, rich and luxuriant mergs running up steeply for several thousands of feet, clothed in a wealth of upland grass higher than one's waist in August, in which the animals revelled. Here on the slopes, studded with pines and

deodars, grew a great variety of wild flowers and wild fruits, and even vegetables were not lacking. My men knew them all, and I never hesitated to eat any they gathered for me. I used also to employ half a dozen small boys from the hamlet close by to gather fruit and herbs, and got sufficient wild strawberries, raspberries, white and black currants to make my own jam in fair quantity. High up in a rocky dell dwelt a colony of wild bees, and I was seldom without the best of honey, and near the same place wild grapes could be gathered by the pound. Wild rhubarb grew everywhere, as good as any out of a garden at home; wild pears and crab apples could be found in places, and a peculiar kind of puffball made an excellent substitute for mushrooms. In the river snow trout abounded, and by partially damming a minor channel and driving the river with a number of men for half a mile, we caught them in large numbers in the men's blankets. Our largest catch was about 100 lb. weight of fish. It was great fun, and the men were very cunning at it; they were thus enabled to get a good feed of fresh fish at least once a fortnight. Compared to Gilgit, it was indeed a land flowing with milk and honey.

We got tools from the sappers, cut down trees, and laboriously sawed them up and commenced to hut ourselves. The battery insisted on building the first hut for me. The walls were of mud, the roof of planks. It was very necessary for comfort at such an elevation to have a fire, and the construction of a chimney was a problem. It was solved by building the wall up round the trunk of a tree, set up vertically with the thick end uppermost. When the wall was completed, and the mud had dried, the trunk was pulled out from the roof, and lo! there was an excellent chimney! I had even a spare room for guests, and lived at Rattoo in greater comfort than anywhere else during my three years in the Gilgit Agency. I put up a signpost where the track to my hut left the Kamri road. In one direction it was inscribed, "To Gilgit, Chitral, the Pamirs, and Central Asia," in the opposite direction, "To India and Europe"; while towards my hut, in imitation of what one used to see in the windows of cottages in Irish villages where lodgings were obtainable, "Entertainment for Man and Beast. All are welcome."

During the summer of 1894 No. 1 Kashmir Battery relieved No. 2 Battery for duty at Gilgit. It had been quite recently raised by Lieutenant G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O., R.A.,[1] who had already distinguished himself on service in Burmah, where he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

[1] Now Lieutenant-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O., lately Quartermaster-General in India.

He accompanied the battery on its march up, and having been old friends in the same batch of cadets at the Woolwich Academy, we passed some pleasant days together. Like everything he applied himself to, the work was well done. The batteries were similar in all respects, but the new battery had had very little opportunity for training, and the personnel again had to be trained more or less from the start. The mules were young for the difficult Gilgit country, so the batteries changed them over, the seasoned animals remaining with No. 1 Battery.

The commandant was a courtly Dogra gentleman, but too advanced in years for the active work in a mountain battery. But he was quite keen, and we became very good friends, and I have many pleasant recollections of the time we spent together.

His next in command was a Major Khajoor Singh, a quite exceptional officer, then about twenty-five years of age. I never met a finer type of the well-bred Indian; a Mian Dogra, and intensely proud of it; quiet, self-possessed, and gallant to a fault. As an officer he was quick, able, a good disciplinarian, and very loyal. He was at all times eager to learn all he could about his profession, and anxious to take the lead in difficulties. We became great friends, and I am proud to say that after over thirty years he still remains one of the most treasured ones I possess.

Khajoor Singh subsequently had a distinguished career in the Imperial Service troops. After commanding his battery, he was selected to go home as one of King Edward's Indian orderly officers, I think in the Coronation year. He rose to the rank of General, and when the Great War broke out he was in command of the Kashmir Brigade at Gilgit.

His one ambition was to see as much active service as possible, and on the outbreak of war he at once telegraphed down to Jummoo, asking that he might be allowed to resign his appointment and rank in the Kashmir service, in order to volunteer and apply for an Indian officer's commission in some British Hindu regiment proceeding to France. He stated that if he could not be given such a commission, he wished to enlist as a sepoy in a Dogra regiment proceeding on service.

He told me long afterwards that it was the regret of his life that his application could not be accepted, his services at Gilgit being much too valuable, and he remained there in command during nearly the whole period of the war, the most responsible post in the Kashmir army. Of his family, one brother was killed in the war, and another was wounded. One son was also killed, and another served with Kashmir troops in East Africa and Persia. Such was the spirit which animated the Dogras of Jummoo.

Khajoor Singh reminded me

of all that I had heard of the gallant little Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh, also a Rajput, whom every one delighted to honour. Khajoor Singh taught himself to read and write English, so that, as he told me, he would be able to write to me himself after I left India, without having to enlist the aid of an interpreter, as only thus could he satisfy himself that what he wished to say was actually expressed in his letter. Thirty years later I revisited Kashmir, largely in order to see Khajoor Singh again, with whom I had always maintained a correspondence. He was just the same as ever—handsome, keen, active, and smartly turned out. In bidding farewell, I said, "Khajoor Singh, you and I have been as brothers, and we will remain so to the end." "Yes, Sahib," he replied, "that is so. I have never told you that which it was not in my heart to say, and to you I could never say that which was not the truth."

To my mind there is no finer representation of the knightly character than the description of Sir Nigel in Conan Doyle's delightful book, 'The White Company.' Surely Sir Pertab Singh approached about as close to this as a human being could? And in the same category I place Khajoor Singh, feeling I can render him no greater honour.

As the mules which arrived with No. 1 Battery had only been recently purchased and were young and untrained on the hillside, it was arranged by mutual consent that the batteries should change over animals. No. 1 Battery thus received the older and seasoned mules, which had had their knocking into shape with No. 2 Battery. I said at the time that, if by any chance it should become necessary for the battery to march to Chitral during the ensuing winter, I doubted the ability of the young mules to get the guns along. Little did I imagine then that the need would actually arise; and when it did, I never ceased to congratulate myself that this wise precaution had been taken.

Dogras are notorious for being very particular about their caste, more so even than most high-caste Hindus. Naturally their British officers take the greatest care not to give the slightest offence in this respect. But soldiers on service get a half-recognised dispensation, and the degree to which this is observed depends very much on their Indian officers. As a general rule it may be said that the better the unit and the higher class the men, the more all ranks are prepared to dispense with caste prejudices when circumstances demand it. But before suggesting anything of the kind, the Indian officers should naturally be consulted with tact.

The Dogras of No. 1 Battery soon accepted me as their Sahib, in the same spirit as had those in No. 2 Battery, and in various small ways showed me that caste restrictions would not be observed

towards me as strictly as towards others.

One day when we were out on a long hill parade, the men had been fallen out at a halt. Feeling thirsty, I went to a little stream which trickled down the hillside, and drank from it. Khajoor Singh came up and said, "Why does the Sahib not go to get water from the Pakali mule?[1] He is one of us, and the men do not like to see the Sahib drinking with his hands from the stream." I thanked him, and said in future I would drink from the pakals.

An occasion arose the same day, and I went up to the driver of the water mule, and told him to give me water. He turned on the little tap, and having no drinking vessel of my own on me, I made a cup out of the palms of my hands, and drank from them, so as not to give offence by drinking from the little metal cup attached by a chain to the tap.

Khajoor Singh at once came up, really angry, and said, "Why does the Sahib drink like an animal? I have told the Sahib he is as one of us, and to use the pakal as such. The men do not like it, Sahib, and say the Sahib shall drink from their vessels when out with the battery. Here is my cup for the Sahib to use. Take it and drink, or we shall be put to shame. It is always with me if the Sahib is thirsty."

I told him I was aware of their caste customs, and I was anxious not to give offence, and that I greatly appreciated what he said. I never hesitated afterwards to make use of the privilege.

Many years afterwards, one of the men present that day, then a havildar or sergeant, Dhrm Singh by name, came home as one of the selected Indian officers to attend the coronation of King George. The camp for all these officers was located in the grounds of Hampton Court, where all necessary arrangements had been made for them. I went over from the Staff College to see my old friend, and invited him and another Dogra officer from Jummoo to come over to see me at Camberley and spend the day with me at my house. As neither of them could speak English, I arranged with the stationmaster that if I were busy at the College when they arrived, he should engage a taxi and send them to where I lived.

They turned up when I was lecturing down at the College, and were ushered into our drawing-room, where my wife, who had not been to India, received them. As neither could make the other under-

[1] In every battery and company one or two mules are provided to carry drinking-water in aluminium tanks. The use of each tank is reserved for the followers of one particular religion, so that Hindus shall not have their caste infringed. It would be a serious offence for any one but a Hindu to apply his lips to a Dogra drinking-vessel, unless invited to very specially.

stand anything, she telephoned in some perturbation to me, stating they had arrived, and for goodness sake to hurry home, as she did not know what in the world to do with them. I found them sitting bolt upright on the edges of their chairs, evidently very uncomfortable and greatly relieved at seeing me.

We spent a very pleasant day, but they had brought none of their own food, and my wife and I were much agitated because they declined to eat anything in our house. Eventually I took Dhrm Singh aside, and reminded him of the occasion when Khajoor Singh had told me that I was as one of themselves, and could eat and drink from their vessels. I said I would myself lay a meal for them in the garden, of an uncut loaf, butter, fresh milk, tea, boiled eggs, and fruit. That the blinds on that side of the house should be drawn, so that no curious person should observe them eating, and no one should be admitted to the garden. That a bucket of hot water and clean cloths should be provided, so that if they desired to they could dip plates, knives, &c., in it before they used them; and that as I had eaten and drunk with them in the old days, I hoped they would do so with me, otherwise I in my turn would be put to shame.

Dhrm Singh thanked me, and they had their meal under a tree, screened from prying eyes, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

I used to get letters from Dhrm Singh after he returned to India. One Christmas I sent him a photo he had asked for, taken in uniform. I got a letter back thanking me, and saying the photo had been framed and placed over the fireplace in his house, that all might see. He said he was getting old, but that his sons had been told all about me, and that so long as his children lived, the photo would continue to be held in great honour.

When I revisited Kashmir in 1922, Dhrm Singh had already passed to his own particular Halls of Valhalla. He was a gallant soldier with a great heart, as some day I hope to relate.

Thus passed the three years I spent in the Gilgit Agency. There are many more tales I could tell of these simple soldiers—men I learnt to love, and years I love to dwell on even now, for they were to me as children as well as soldiers; and to them I was that totally incomprehensible individual, their own particular Sahib, to whom their cause was as his own cause, who made them sweat, and who always was ready to fight for them with those more exalted Sahibs, his superiors. For such is always the British subaltern on his own.

"DOWN CHARGE, TARRYBEAM!"

BY JAN GORDON.

It was my wife who first determined upon making Mr Tarbin's acquaintance.

"There's something odd about that old fisherman," she insisted. "Why, he said 'Down charge' to his dog. And you know very well, William, that fishermen don't say 'Down charge.' Do they, now?"

"I haven't collected fishermen's methods of addressing dogs," I replied. "I don't suppose there's anything in it, anyhow."

"Of course there's something," retorted Ray. "You'll see."

So she loitered a little to allow the old fellow to come level with us. His first words, "Want a boat, lady," with a properly subservient hook of the finger, hardly added evidence to Raymonde's abrupt deduction. Nor, as we strolled onwards with him, having gently refused watery distraction for that afternoon, did his conversation make me feel that there had, in fact, been any basis for my wife's leap into supposition. His accent was rough country and waterside, his matter the usual promises of fair fishing or a nice little sail down the estuary between the mud-banks and dykes. And, after five or six casual encounters, during which we had always resisted temptation either to fish or to sail, Ray herself began to admit that one "down charge" did not seem to make an oddity. And yet, as it turned out, she had been quite right.

We had come to West Dykewich not because of the scenery, but because we were hard-up. A friend had offered us a cottage for a couple of months, and to live rent free for a period was a temptation. I had some poster work which could be done anywhere, and Raymonde had at once fallen in love with the pigs on the neighbouring farm, and spent all day ankle deep in the manure of the cow-yard drawing somnolent summer pig from every imaginable angle, so that in this land of unenviable flatness we had found some content for all our poverty. But the two months came to an end long before Ray's pig passion could show signs of exhaustion.

You might not think, from the subject-matter of her artistic preference, that Ray is romantic, yet undoubtedly she is. Her romanticism assumed the certainty that she would not desert her adored pigs at this stage of understanding, and really her drawings were becoming very sure and interesting. So, could we not

hire a tent and camp out under the lee of a dyke? She had never camped out before, had always longed to. Wouldn't it be fun? This was by no means the first time that Ray had desired to camp out, but so far I had been able to dissuade her. However, my poster work was completed, I was at a loose end for the instant, and, thinking that the best way to cure her of camping out at some inconvenient moment in the future would be to allow her to camp out at this convenient one in the present, I agreed.

So off we hurried to London, where we hired a tent to be sent express to Michlin Wharf Station, spent almost all our remaining money on suitable provisions, a Primus stove, a cooker, &c., and took the train on Saturday afternoon back to the land of admirable pigs. After paying for our tickets, we had a balance of exactly 3s. 6d. in pocket.

The railway has not yet come to West Dykewich itself; it halts six miles away. But a small branch line runs down to a wharf on the other side of the estuary, and hither having sent our tent we came ourselves. We had previously engaged old Tarbin to meet the train in order to ferry us and our belongings across to the Dykewich foreshore. We did not worry about our depleted balance; we had provisions enough for a fortnight, and had credit with the baker and the butcher. The posters would be paid for in time, probably before our provisions were exhausted, certainly before Ray's pig mania had subsided to normal enthusiasm.

So, with the loose shilling ready for a tip, I strolled nonchalantly up to the only porter-stationmaster of Michlin Wharf, and demanded our tent.

"Parcel for the name o' Harter?" said the man, scratching his head. "Well, there *is* summat. Sort of stick thing like."

And he dragged out from the goods shed a something that was indeed a "stick thing like," the tent pole; the canvas had gone astray. We both experienced an odd dismay as we stared at it. The shilling and the half-crown in my pocket suddenly became ominously inadequate, and a shilling tip an absurd extravagance.

"Can't possibly be 'ere before a' Tuesday," said the man. "Why, Monday's Bank 'olliday."

Confound it, so it was. We had overlooked that also. Our friend's cottage was locked up, the key in London, whither we had too optimistically carried it. Bank Holiday! There wouldn't be a bed anywhere in Dykewich for sure, even if we had the cash to pay for it. However, we couldn't loiter in the station, so, aided by the porter-stationmaster, we carried our baggage to the end of the quay, where he got his shilling tip, as I had no smaller change. There he left us in the dampening dusk, to our sombre visions of the sardonic

grin of Romance. I put my hands to my mouth and cried across the stream, "Ohee! Tarbin ahoy."

At last we heard oars; the reflections of the upper sky flashed as the water was stirred rhythmically by old Tarbin's steady stroke; the boat grounded, and we piled in our effects.

"We'll go across in the smack," said old Tarbin, "but I got ter wait on two young fellers that's goin' to stay here with me round the 'oliday, doin' a bit o' fishing."

Our only surviving hope flickered and died. Nevertheless we showed him the meagre pole, and told him our tale of dismay.

"If on'y those two young fellers wasn't coming," said old Tarbin sympathetically. "Can't take you long o' me in the fo'c'sle neither, because the wife and daughter's down. They're over to Dikkich now gettin' in pervisions against the bang-'oliday."

On the incoming tide the smack clumsily shrugged its shoulders at our dismay. In the dank and deepening gloom we sat on the combing of the little cabin and waited, waited for those two young fellers to arrive. The sea merged into the land, the land merged into the sky, until we were swimming in blue nothingness, disturbed only by a slight searching draught of wind that came in raw, and baited with the smell of the mud-banks. Beneath us the boat behaved like a dense humorist, who was prolonging a joke after the point has become blunted, while under the hull the water chuckled sardonically as if it seemed to be still enjoying the heavy humorist's pantomime.

"Camp out under a pole!" the water exclaimed, or else, "Half a crown, half a crown, half a crown," and then it would click its tongue at us mockingly.

After an hour of dusk and darkness old Tarbin said that he wouldn't wait no longer, he had to meet his wife on the other side of the water, and unless the young fellers found some way of getting across the creek by themselves, which wasn't likely, we might consider the after-cabin as our's for that night at all events. With a sigh of real relief we tossed our baggage into the small cabin, helped to set the sails and get up the anchor, and drifted across to Dykewich, secure of a couch for one night at least.

II.

Mrs Tarbin did nothing to substantiate Ray's first high-flying deduction. She was a woman of thirty, not without a faded prettiness, and she was self-conscious with the prim nervous subservience that marks a woman of the more

modest classes, brought almost into intimacy with members of a higher caste. And the daughter, aged twelve, had that lank-haired, blue be-bowed, pallid pink transparency that veritably bespeaks the true daughter of the small windowed shop in which cheap sweets, cheap tobacco, and cheap reading jostle one another, where chewing-gum and Woodbines make the natural accompaniment of the sentimental or of the erotic twopenny paper.

The smack could not have been more than some twenty-five feet long, and how the family packed into the tiny fo'c'sle was a mystery. What depths of romance must lie hidden in the English soul. They had come down for a holiday, to enjoy themselves—an enjoyment which included being chilled all day, and damp, cramped and stuffy all night, for the weather turned out drizzling, the ill-caulked decks dripped, and the hatch had to be kept down. We, lording it in the cabin, were a little better off, for we had more room in which to lie down, although the deck was so low that I could not even sit properly upright to the table over the centre-board box. However, during that first evening this seemed heaven compared with what we might have been suffering, and the various odours that mingled there—paraffin oil, fish, bilge, oilskins, and mixed humanity—were but an emphatic underlining of our cosiness. There was a sliding trap between cabin and fo'c'sle, and we exchanged good humour, provisions, and dainties. They accepted sardines, leberwurst, and preserved ginger, against bloater paste in penny tins, currant scones fresh from the bakers, and boiled sweets from the stock-in-trade, for Mrs Tarbin did indeed keep a shop in the little town of Prill, six miles up the estuary.

Four days we spent on that smack waiting for the errant canvas, and during those four days we learned how true Ray's first odd guess had been. Fishermen don't say "down charge" to their dogs. We were left alone a good deal with old Tarbin—Tarrybeam we came to dub him privately. Mrs Tarbin and her child went ashore every day and for almost all day. I think our gentility worried her. We were as hail-fellow-well-met as we knew how to be, but she persisted in holding up the deferential barrier, and to save her own feelings she took flight, leaving us to Tarrybeam's company.

He invariably started the day with one rubric. Standing with his head and shoulders emerging from the fo'c'sle hatchway, he would gaze long across the expanse of the estuary with its drifting and intermittent summer showers.

"I don't know whether I won't sail over to Shelsea this morning," he would announce.

Ten minutes later his head would sink under the deck, and one would hear a cavernous growl from the hollow drum of the fo'c'sle.

"I don't know whether I will."

Half an hour later, head out once more.

"I don't know whether I won't."

Ten minutes later, head down.

"I don't know whether I will."

And so on until lunch-time.

After lunch he would produce an old and dog-eared catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores, and would pore over its contents; from it he would pick out the things he was going to buy—some day. It was this catalogue that brought out the final revelation which uncoiled the mystery of Tarbin's "down charge."

"I gotta number at the Stores—yes. What do you think of that?" he said on the second afternoon.

And from this moment, day by day, in spasms and gasps of reminiscence, Tarrybeam's history emerged. I suppose that most people would have dubbed him an ingenious liar, but proof, other than Ray's quick snapped up "down charge," was forthcoming. The longer we stayed with him the more his language lightened. The English of the gentleman crept back to the unaccustomed tongue. He sometimes used public school words as though he had been bred to them.

Yes, old Tarrybeam had been educated at Wellington. His father dying while he was seventeen, had left him an excellent business.

"You've seen my name often, I expect," he said, "on pianos."

"You made Tarbin pianos! Why, we had one at home," exclaimed Ray.

I suppose that he had "don't know whether I willed" and "don't know whether I wonted" all his life. At any rate, he had played ducks and drakes with the parental fortunes, and just at the moment when Tarbin pianos needed clever management—cheap German pianos and the introduction of the iron frame played havoc in a snug little trade—young Tarrybeam, the shilly-shallyer, was getting married to a flighty wife, and soon found himself landed at once in the bankruptcy and the divorce courts. He emerged simultaneously bankrupt and bachelor once more, was rescued by an old uncle, was adopted by him, and eventually inherited anew a quite pleasurable competence.

There was an odd detachment in Tarrybeam's voice as he told us these things. The loss and wastage of two fortunes seemed to have left little impress upon him. He showed no regrets for past glories. A gunsmith's shop in Down Street had got rid of the second accession of fortune, and had landed him once more in the bankruptcy court, from which

he had emerged undischarged. But alone the desertion and divorce of his first wife brought injury into his tones. I imagine that she had led him on a fine string; his vanity—no, more than his vanity, his very core—had been scarified by her deceit. And yet even that, too, was now quite dreamy and drowned in the unreality of the past.

Tarbin had emerged a new, a free man as soon as he had no more money to waste. Some relatives or friends of his wealthier days had bought him this boat. It was not even his own, for he could not possess anything. He told us with grim jest how the creditors had come down to seize even this boat from him. He had shown them the papers; they had made their journey for nothing. Tarbin had dived into the underworld, into the glorious underworld of hopes. He had skimmed off twice the dross of reality, and now supped cheerfully the liquor of illusion. He was happy. He was happy in this boat that wasn't his own; he was happy in this wife who adored and admired him because he had been a gentleman; he was happy in this lean lank-haired daughter who was learning to play "The Happy Peasant" on an old Tarbin piano. He was happy in his loves, happy in his hates, above all, happy in his dreams. He hated two or three old gossips of Dykewich; he dreamed of starting a motor-boat service between Dykewich and Shelsea.

"You'll see," he said with far more energy and reality than he had given to his reminiscence, "when that old meddler Mother Wedds come down to get into my motor-boat, I'll tell her off. 'Now, then, you old blighter,' I'll say, 'if you can't treat a gentleman civilly when he's down, you aren't going to use him now that he's up!' And she'll gnash her five teeth together, but she'll just squat on Dikkich quay for all the ferrying she'll get out o' me.

"But there's a nice little fortune in the idea," he would assert, and sit dreaming over his old catalogue, picking out the things he'd buy when his motor-boat came home—guns and fishing-tackle, and artificial freezers, and hammock chairs, cigar cabinets and Dutch ovens, and Heaven knows what else besides.

"I don't know whether I won't go over to Shelsea to-day," he'd muse, sticking his grey head out of the fo'c'sle hatch. But we knew that he wouldn't go over to Shelsea, and we knew that he would never get his motor-boat, but that as long as he lived with it in the land of illusion, he would be a happy man. Well might his daughter play "The Happy Peasant" on the old Tarbin piano. She was but playing her father.

III.

The Tuesday was splendid, and all day long a hot sun blazed down on the damped earth, so that the whole estuary fumed. On Wednesday we found the wandering canvas at the little wharf station, and prepared to lead our simple life in our own way. Mrs Tarbin and her daughter also returned to the duties of the little shop, so, having landed us, old Tarrybeam hoisted his patched sails and carried them up to Prill on the rising tide.

I had camped out before, though in a quite inexpert fashion. And here in this low-lying and easily damped country I found myself with problems that I had not hitherto envisaged. However, we discovered a bank of sea wrack dried by yesterday's sun, and on this we set our tent, imagining that the weed would make a softer and warmer mattress than the grass of the water meadows within the dyke. Here for the day we settled in perfect content. However, our activities aroused the suspicions of two men on a pot-bellied smack lying out in the low water. We could see how they examined us, first with gesticulation and naked eye, later with binoculars and spy-glass. Soon they clambered clumsily into a small dinghy, and were hurriedly rowing towards us. Nothing daunted by the mud, they splattered ashore in their high sea-boots.

"Hello! What you doin' 'ere?" demanded the fatter one.

"Camping," I retorted shortly. I was having trouble with the tent-pegs.

"Carn't camp 'ere," said the fat man, who wore so many pairs of trousers that he seemed to be peeling like an onion around the waist. "Those is h'oysters all around 'ere."

"Well, I'm not a walrus," I replied.

"We gotter look after them h'oysters," persisted the fat man; "we is h'oyster policemen, so to say."

"Shouldn't have thought there was much crime amongst oysters," I said. "Do they burgle each other's shells; do they pinch each other's pearls?"

"No, sir," said the fat oyster policeman seriously, repudiating humour in his manner, "but h'others pinches *them*."

"Well, do I look like an oyster desperado?" I said.

The fat man put on a mysterious air.

"You never knows," he said.

"Do you think I'd come here and stick up this tent right under your bally noses?"

The oyster policemen looked judicial.

"Carn't say," he answered stubbornly.

"Well, come inside, then.

I expect I've got some bottled wisdom about."

Ten minutes later the oyster policemen were wiping their lips with the backs of their hands and saying to Ray—

"We ain't bad chaps though we looks rough. We does our dooty, mum, an' we washes come Sunday."

The quality of our whisky evidently had proved our innocence.

But seaweed, after all, isn't the best material to camp upon; it is intrusive, ubiquitous. On the second day the rain came down once more, so that our seaweed bed opened its arms to the moisture in the air; it swelled visibly beneath us, became jammy and sticky and clinging. However, it wasn't any of my business to better conditions; my business was to destroy Ray's illusions about camping in the English climate; the seaweed was a not unwelcome auxiliary.

However, this is not the story of our camping, but the history of Tarbin. He came back, of course, from Prill, and settled down to his usual avocations, looking for tripper fishermen, quarrelling with his old enemies, dreaming about his motor-launch and his catalogue, and pondering over whether he should sail across to Shelsea. On the Saturday he caught two trippers, young office lads who wanted an afternoon's fishing. He hired them a dinghy with a lug-sail, and sent them down the estuary with his blessing, for he knew that the tide would soon turn, and against the fall he could well count that they would take an hour or an hour and a half longer rowing home than they had calculated; all clear gain in hire. So much we learned from the oyster policemen. They had been to the village for provisions, and on the way back gave us a call. They had got into the habit of dropping in, not, I think, to see if there were oyster shells about.

"Don't like the look of that sky," said one of the men, cocking his eye at the west. "There's two young fellows gone out in Tarbin's old dinghy. They'll get wet pants if they don't look out."

The sky was indeed seemingly ominous. In a perfect blue a mass of giant cumulus had suddenly upreared to the west, clouds which every moment grew and swelled across the zenith, as though Zephyr, suddenly angry, were blowing up big balloons with all his might, so that even as we sat the daylight dimmed beneath them. The thin policeman mounted the dyke and stared both ways along the channel.

"Can't see a sign of 'em," he announced, "an' old Tarbin's worried too. He's getting his sail up. Going to fetch 'em home, I reckon."

Soon we saw Tarbin dropping down the narrowing channel. He waved an arm as he went by. The fat policeman wagged his head sagely.

"He's what I calls an opper-termist, is ole Tarbin," he said. "If I'd a bin 'im I'd a took in two more reefs in case of what's comin'. Well, lady and sir, we'll be gettin' out along. There's dirty stuff about. I'd have a whack at them wind'ard pegs, so I would, sir."

The sky grew darker with a great rapidity. The breeze sank to nothing, swung round to the east for a few moments, and then, growling and flaring, the storm leapt on us. Maybe I've known worse storms, but I'll swear that I have never been in such a position to appreciate them. Luckily the opening of the tent was sideways to the wind, for we did not dare to shut it up. But whenever the wind veered a little it whooped into the tent, sluicing it round with the rain as though a housewife were rinsing a basin. The canvas beat and bellied, hammered now this way, now that, until from the straining of it a tent peg was dragged from the insecure and sandy hold. Others were loosening. Only one thing could be done in that hurricane, lower the tent pole in order to save the whole thing from parachuting off into the yellow-green and beaten sea. Hurriedly we made a pile of our possessions, carefully we lowered the pole to the ground and crept from under the flapping and sodden canvas. It was not a task as easy to perform as it is to tell, but at last we stood in the tempestuous rain and hail, and contemplated our flattened shelter. Nothing to be done but to make for the village pub, where we could at least dry ourselves out. During the night they lent us a couple of blankets, and allowed us to sleep in the hayloft.

In the bar that evening the talk had been of nothing but Tarbin and the two lads. No blame had been laid to his account. The storm, which still raged and slashed at the windows, had come up so surprisingly; never, they said, had they known storm so sudden. But Tarbin's recklessness was admitted, particularly in the matter of the half-reefed sail. He couldn't hope to beat back, and it depended upon how far the lads had gone down-stream whether he would be able to lay enough into the wind to reach Shelsea. If not, he'd have to go right out and try to make one of the coast ports. Optimism and pessimism were almost equally balanced over the pint pots. But all agreed that the loss of Tarbin would be felt at Dykewich. Tarbin, it seemed, conferred a *cachet*, he was a gentleman born, and he was going to start that motor ferry some day. A serious loss, undoubtedly. Poor old Tarbin, a real gentleman if ever there was one. Wasn't he? Yes, he was, for sure. Who'd deny it? Nobody, not even the King himself.

IV.

A few days later not even the King's personal denial of Tarrybeam's gentility would have carried any weight, for the storm seemed to have been organised purposely to sweep Tarbin and the two lads out of existence, and it subsided, leaving him a disembodied hero. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum:* poor old Tarbin would have been truly astonished at the crystal limpidity of his gentlemanly virtues. If the recording angel, caught unawares and a little tardy in his records, had come down to Dykewich to fill up the arrears, he would have found nothing to add to the debit account: even old Mother Wedds had not only buried the hatchet, but she had stamped the earth flat over the place.

And then a London reporter got wind of the affair. He scented a good story for a Sunday illustrated, the romantic tragedy of Tarbin. The moment was propitious, calm reigned amongst the scare headlines, old Tarrybeam took the front page, photographic material poured in, the piano factory, Tarbin's grandfather who started the business, Mrs Tarbin and daughter, Tarbin and his boat and dog, an amateur snapshot, and luckily for us a drawing by Ray, which was paid for. Mrs Tarbin's reminiscences were then serialised, and in some way a subscription was started. Tarbin's Piano Company, Limited, also thought the opportunity good, and increased its advertising.

And just when the interest was at its height, Tarbin himself reappeared with one of the lads and the dog.

He had got down the estuary, and was bearing alongside the dinghy when the storm swept upon him. He had managed to drag one lad aboard, but to do so had to release the tiller, which he tried to hold with his knee. At this moment a furious gust jibbed the half-reefed mainsail and snapped off the old mast, which dropped on to the dinghy, burying it and the other unlucky boy under the great sail. On the falling tide and before the great wind the two survivors were swept out to sea. Luckily the smack was fully decked and fairly water-tight. They managed to lighten her by prising out and throwing overboard a good number of the pigs of iron that formed her ballast. For four days they drifted, always in the extreme danger of swamping and with nothing to eat and very little to drink, for Tarbin had not provisioned himself. At last, almost delirious with hunger and thirst, they had been rescued from the now waterlogged hull by a small tramp steamer bound for Narvik carrying iron ore. Wind and weather slowed down the

tramp's natural sluggishness, and the captain, a rough Dutchman, had refused in broken English to change the ship's course. So to Narvik they were carried and shipped back from thence on another tramp steamer which was leaving at once for Scotland. The messages that Tarbin and the boy confided to a seaman for telegraphic transmission to their families were never sent. Apparently the man kept the money for drink, little realising that he could have sold the news for considerably more to a newspaper correspondent.

Anyhow, it was not till he had arrived in Leith that Tarbin realised that he had become a national spectacle, and then I think he would have run away if he could. But inexorable fate, the press and the cinematograph reporters, welcomed him, and the subscription for Mrs Tarbin, which had reached a nice sum, and which was not diverted from its original purpose in spite of Tarbin's non-fulfilment of contract, was ready to hand for him to spend upon his long-dreamed-of project—a motor-boat service between Dykewich and Shelsea.

But we were no longer in Dykewich to take part in Mr Tarbin's triumphant return. Ray's camping enthusiasm had hardly outlived the storm. With the help of the oyster policemen we had moved the tent to within the shelter of the dyke, with the help of the returning sun we had dried out our sodden possessions. But a colony of twenty Boy Scouts which settled down in the adjoining field proved to be too Cockney for our artistic nerves; even Ray's still undiminished porcine ardour could not hold out against the stridency of their bugle calls. Hurriedly we had packed. In default of the much-mourned Tarbin, the oyster policemen ferried us over to Michlin Wharf, and accepted as a fee the half-bottle of whisky remaining.

V.

Two years passed before we ever saw Dykewich or Tarrybeam again, and then history might have been repeating itself once more. We walked the same quayside, heard the same voice cry "down charge" to the same bounding, black, unruly dog. The same rough old fisherman came up to us with the same ingratiating sweetness, "Want a sail, lady," and then suddenly the voice changed.

"Hello," cried Tarrybeam, "it's you, is it? Well, I never. Thinkin' ter go camping again, m'm."

"Sail, did you say?" I retorted. "Where's your motor-boat, then?"

Tarrybeam gave the same

old grimace. He waved the motor-boat out of existence with an expressive gesture.

"Bankrup' once more," he replied; "the missus this time. Frankly, sir, I tell you it wasn't what I thought it was going to be."

We took him to the inn, and over pots of ale tried to extract more details from him, but all he would say was that he'd made a mistake. After an hour he muttered something about two young fellers who were going out fishing, saluted us and stumped off, in appearance as typical an old quay limpet as could be seen anywhere. However, the landlord was ready enough for gossip. It seems that Tarrybeam's old habits had been too strong for him.

"Why, gentleman and lady, I tell you," said the landlord, "the song 'e made about buying that there boat, you'd never believe me. First it was this make, then it was that. Never satisfied, couldn't fix 'is mind, travellin' about, spendin' 'is money, or rather 'er money it was, because you see, 'e bein'—well, as you know 'e is—'e couldn't use not any of it as 'is own like. Wen 'e did get the boat she was a tasty-lookin' craft I'll allow, but I reckon it was the looks that took 'im. 'E starts orf runnin' three services a day, run 'er 'imself, 'e did, though 'e dressed up quite the gentleman, reg'lar torf. Blest if in the first fortnight summat didn't go wrong in mid-stream, and 'e 'adn't learnt enough ter put the engine right, so's they all drifted 'arf-way up ter Prill and 'arf-way back again before 'e could get the blessed machine goin' again. The folks was mad just. Then 'e gets tired of the work. Says there wasn't enough business for three services, cuts 'em down to two, then ter one. And then I'm blessed if you could know if 'e'd go hover or if 'e wouldn't. Sometimes when 'e wanted to go the boat wouldn't, and sometimes when the boat wanted 'e wouldn't, and sometimes folks would 'ire 'im for trips, and sometimes 'e would go lambastin' round the country to all the sales, buyin' up all the old trash 'e could get 'is 'ands hon. I tell you that ferry was a fair 'ave. An' 'e wasn't 'appy with it neither. You see, bein' a gentleman born, so to say, 'e wasn't used to doin' things reg'lar. Doin' the blessed same thing hevery blessed same day wasn't 'is line. So wot with one thing 'er another 'e just frittered it all away; an' wot with repairs an' one thing 'er another 'e spent more than 'e got. An' so it went sky-'igh. An' they sold 'im up, or his missus rather, 'cause she owned the affair, with that money wot they collected for 'im that time 'e ought ter a' been drowned. An' I believe the courts was particular nasty about it. I 'eard they fair 'urt his pride, poor old chap. It ain't 'is fault

after all, bein' born a gentleman like, and so hon. An' 'e 'ad a 'ump that you could just feel from 'ere to Shelsea. 'Pon my Sammy, I thort 'e'd commit an atrocity on 'imself, do 'imself hin, so to speak. 'Is wife 'ad ter go ter live with relatives, an' 'e spoke of 'is daughter goin' out ter service. In all my life I never see a man so miserable. Nor don't want to see another. 'Twasn't like somebody what's burried somebody. This 'ere *went on*, if you understand me.

"However, 'is friends 'as 'elped 'im out again. 'E's got another boat now, and it's as you was, so you might say. An' 'is wife's got another shop, on'y she don't own it; she calls 'erself managress now."

We decided to spend a day on Tarrybeam's smack. The same generous friends had come to his rescue; they had collected the insurance on the old craft, and with it had partially paid for the new one. Tarrybeam's third attempt at reality was already slipping from his shoulders, and once more he was climbing back to illusion.

"I've heard," he confided in us, "that the railway's going to push on to Dykewich itself. Now, sir, mark me, if that's the case, we can make a nattier place 'ere than that there old Shelsea that thinks so much of itself. Do you see, if we could get up a comp'ny 'n buy all that river frontage, stick up these new-fangled quick-built bungalows and sell 'em off or let 'em for the summer, why, there's a little fortune."

We looked along the self-revealing and odorous mud-flats of Dykewich, and perceived little hope of popularity for that dreary spot. But we held our tongues; Tarrybeam was astride of the clouds again. He was once more rich in prospect, which for him was to be happy in the present.

As we took leave of him he growled—

"And you'll see if I let old Mother Wedds have one of my houses. The old sour-tongued viper."

"By the way," I said, "did you refuse to take her on your motor-launch?"

"Oh, well," he answered, "that was different. Public service, y'know. Oh, quite different, quite different from this time."

And as we receded we heard him cry his "Down charge, down charge, sir," and knew that he was talking to the dog, which had its grand illusions also, as Voltaire has said, for it looked upon poor old Tarrybeam as the nearest revelation that it could imagine to the beneficent Deity.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF LAW.

BY LOUIS M. JIGGITTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DURING my undergraduate days at St John's College, Oxford, I found that my English friends were greatly interested in the subject of lynching in the Southern States. I decided that when I returned to America and could find time to investigate this subject, and give accurate statistics, I would write an article for some prominent magazine in the British Isles—

"Oh God! Oh God! I didn't do it. Have mercy."

It was Sunday, the 20th of September 1925, and a human being was burning at the stake.

Jim Ivy, a black man, was accused of criminally assaulting a white woman of Union County, Mississippi, but, though promptly arrested by the county officers, steadfastly maintained his innocence.

While Ivy was still in the custody of the officers, a mob of angry white men began to form. Apprised of this, the officers quickly determined to spirit the prisoner to the adjoining county for safe keeping.

Anticipating this attempt to escape, the hastily gathered mob sent an advance force across country to intercept the fleeing victim. The mob won.

Ivy was forcibly taken from the officers and securely bound. He offered no resistance, knowing resistance would be futile.

A little saw-mill at Rocky Ford, Mississippi, supplied the setting. With great chains binding him to an iron stake the negro was forced to witness the preparations for his death. Slowly, surely, methodically the mob went about its business. Ivy saw the white men prepare his death pyre; he saw them pile wood high about his body; he saw them cover this wood with petrol; and he saw them apply the torch.

"Oh God! Oh God! I didn't do it. Have mercy."

The flames had reached him. In his intense agony he freed his ankles by violent exertion; but the chains held his waist and his neck fast to the iron post. A hush came over the mob. The negro's vain plea and the steady roar of the death-fire alone broke the stillness. Shortly there was a sickening odour of burning flesh, and the mob drew back involuntarily.

A final struggle and the negro's body sagged. At last the charred body was beyond pain; for death had come to relieve another victim from the frightful torture of a relentless mob.

This is a story to tax the belief of the most credulous. It is, perhaps, difficult for one accustomed to the respect which the law enjoys in England to picture such flagrant disrespect for all law and order.

One would hardly expect an outrage of this nature in a country so proud of its tolerance; yet a human being was burned at the stake in the United States less than a year ago.

There were eighteen lynchings in America last year; eighteen human beings were put to death without benefit of law or pretence of trial. They were victims of angry, impassioned, lawless mobs.

The eighteen victims who met violent deaths at the hands of mobs last year were all negroes. Nor is this strange. For while white men are sometimes lynched, the black race has always supplied a great majority of the victims.

Since the reconstruction days which followed the end of the Civil War, mob outrages have been frequent in the south. It will be recalled that for a few years immediately following the Civil War the former negro slaves, having been set free, became the ready tools for exploiting and unscrupulous white men, who had come from the northern states seeking fortunes in the prostrated south. These few white men, with the assistance of the negroes, were soon in control of the country, a situation which became intolerable to the native whites. Accordingly the former masters began to terrorise the negroes, and physical violence, though not at first employed, eventually became a common practice. Negroes were summarily tried, summarily convicted, and summarily punished.

When at length control of the several Southern States was wrested from the unscrupulous adventurers and their ex-slave hirelings, summary punishment of negroes by organised bands of white men had become a common occurrence. The step from this organised punishment to the unorganised and spontaneous outrages of irresponsible mobs was inevitable.

Though not generally known, even in those States where lynching is a more or less common occurrence, the term lynch law had its origin in the eighteenth century. During the Revolutionary War, when Cornwallis was preparing to invade Virginia, Charles Lynch, a Justice of the Peace, discovered a plot to seize certain stores of the American army under Greene. Lynch, upon this discovery, had the conspirators summarily arrested, and confined until the danger of invasion had passed with the defeat of Cornwallis at Guildford Court House.

When the war ended those who were thus summarily arrested and confined by the county justice threatened to sue Lynch for damages. The Justice of the Peace had, it was alleged, acted beyond his authority as a mere county official.

Unfortunately for the conspirators, Lynch had in the meantime become a member of the Virginia Legislature, and, as he had performed a patriotic if unlawful act, his fellow legislators were easily persuaded to enact the following statute :—

"Whereas divers evil disposed persons in the year 1780

formed a conspiracy and did actually attempt to levy war against the Commonwealth, and it is represented to the present General Assembly—that Charles Lynch and other faithful citizens, aided by detachments of volunteers from different parts of the State, did by timely and effectual measures suppress such conspiracy, and whereas the measures taken for that purpose may not be strictly warranted by law, although justifiable from the imminence of the danger, 'Be it enacted, that the said Charles Lynch and all other persons whatsoever concerned in suppressing the said conspiracy or in advising, or enacting any orders or measures taken for that purpose, stand indemnified and exonerated from all pains, penalties, prosecutions, actions, suits, and damages on account thereof.'"

This was the original Lynch Law. Gradually the term was applied to summary procedure in general, and finally misapplied to mob violence. Thus the name of Charles Lynch, an honourable Quaker gentleman, and a patriot of the early Republic, has become associated with the foulest and most dastardly of crimes.

The present-day methods of lynching are many and varied. A victim may be hanged, beaten to death, riddled with bullets, or burned at the stake. But the method most employed is that which permits the mob to act with greater haste—that is, shooting the victim to death. Burning at the stake is reserved for victims charged with atrocious crimes. It is needless to say that this is at once the most brutal and the most repulsive manner of murdering a human being.

During the past year all of these methods were employed in lynching the eighteen victims, the most revolting of the number being that perpetrated by a mob at Rocky Ford, Mississippi. This last, in fact, was the most brutal lynching since 2nd December 1917, when a negro was tortured and finally burned to death in a manner in comparison with which the tortures of more barbarous ages seem acts of kindness.

Picture this scene: A negro is chained to a stake, bound so that he cannot move. A great fire is kindled near by; and members of the mob heat flat-irons, pokers, pieces of iron pipe until each is red with heat. They jab these into the eye sockets of the helpless negro and burn out his eyes; they ram the red-hot irons down the throat of the victim; they sear his hands and feet; they brand his back; they thrust the irons in his sides. In a hundred ways they apply these instruments of torture to the writhing body of their victim; and finally, they gather rubbish, heap it upon the half-dead body of the negro, ignite it, and roast the miserable wretch alive.

This occurred in a small town in Tennessee.

Of all of the lynchings which occurred last year, the most unconscionable one was that of Sidney Townes, an insane negro.

Townes, having lost his mind and become violently insane, attacked his wife, who immediately fled to the home of some white friends for protection. Townes, insane and irresponsible, murdered two of the white protectors.

The following day a mob approached the sheriff who had charge of Townes, threatened the officer, and captured the negro. The victim was shot to death, his body riddled with hundreds of bullets.

Townes was not legally responsible for his acts; but the members of the mob were both legally and morally responsible. One wonders what their plea will be when they stand before the judgment bar of Almighty God.

While lynching has long been the curse of the South, the practice is not confined to this section. For lynch law has been resorted to in every State in the American Union save four within the last forty years. During the period 1885 to 1925 one or more lynchings occurred in every State in the Union except Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island. Four thousand one hundred and forty-four men and women were murdered by mobs during the forty years. And it can be stated with authority that more Americans have been hanged, burned, or otherwise slaughtered by mob violence than were killed in the Spanish-American War; that more Americans have been victims of mobs than died in the battle of St Mihiel; and that more than four times as many American citizens have been lynched in Mississippi alone as went down to a watery grave with the *Lusitania*. From 1882 to 1925 Mississippi has five hundred and thirty lynchings to her discredit. Within the same period there were more than five hundred and twenty lynchings in Georgia. These are figures to stagger the imagination.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines lynch law as "procedure of self-constituted illegal court that summarily executes persons charged with flagrant offence." This definition is in a manner misleading; for it infers that there is a court procedure, though illegal, and that the person executed is always charged with some flagrant offence. That the definition is not entirely correct will presently be seen.

The victims of mob violence, within the forty-year period, were charged with almost every crime known to the law, and some not known. But while many of the victims would possibly have suffered capital punishment at the hands of the law, had they been given that trial by jury which the constitution sometimes vainly guarantees, there were a great number who were murdered for crimes no graver than resisting officers, poisoning mules, stealing hogs, and burning barns. In fact, within the period previously mentioned, eight hundred and eighty-two human beings were slain by mobs on such trivial charges

as throwing stones, being troublesome, enticing labour away, drunkenness, and just "being a bad nigger."

Not infrequently a negro has been lynched because he "got out of his place." A "nigger" must stay "in his place" in the Southern States, for below the Mason and Dixon line the Jim Crow law is rigidly enforced. Negroes do not enjoy social equality; no one even pretends that such equality exists. The black man cannot stay at the same hotels that accommodate white patrons; he cannot attend white theatres, ride in the same railway coaches with white people, or eat in white restaurants. If he wishes to ride on the tram there is a separate compartment reserved for him; and at the railway depots waiting-rooms are set apart for negroes only. In the villages, towns, and cities the negroes live in segregated districts. In short, the separation of the two races along social lines is positive, distinct, and complete.

Any attempt of the negro to cross this line of demarcation will be promptly repulsed; and not a few blacks have paid with their lives for just such an attempt.

While the victims are generally lynched before being given the right of trial by jury, which has been for centuries the privilege of every man charged with crime in any of the English-speaking countries, there have been instances where enraged mobs have slain victims even after the law has taken its course. A case of this kind recently occurred at Clarksdale, Mississippi, during the past Yuletide, that time of the year when Christians are especially exhorted to brotherly love.

A negro had been indicted by the Grand Jury for the murder of a white man. He was promptly tried at a special term of court convened for the sole purpose of trying his case, and found not guilty by a jury of white men (negroes do not sit on juries in Mississippi save in the Federal Court). But when the jury announced its verdict there were rumours of mob violence.

The negro's lawyer, with the natural interest of his client at heart, requested the court to provide the negro with a sufficient guard to protect him until he could leave the city. The court, in compliance with the request, ordered the sheriff to protect the negro.

A few minutes later the officer, a number of his deputies, and the negro left the court-room. But scarcely had they passed beyond sight of the court-house when a small mob rushed upon them, brushed the sheriff and deputies aside, and seized the negro. Thirty minutes later the negro's corpse was found huddled in a heap on a deserted street of the city.

During the writing of this article a Mississippi mob has profoundly shocked the entire nation.

Harold Jackson, a white man, who was suspected of complicity in the murder of two white men in February 1926, had been confined in the Harrison County Jail since 20th

February; but as a Grand Jury of Harrison County failed to return a true bill against him, he was returned to the county in which the murder had occurred. There he was confined in the jail at Poplarville. Late one night a mob quietly formed near Poplarville, marched silently to the jail, overcame the pitifully small guard, burst open the doors, and seized Jackson.

The victim, who was in his night clothes, asked permission to clothe himself.

"You will need no clothes," a member of the mob remarked. "You will soon be in eternity."

Jackson, clad only in his night clothes, was taken to the little village of Picayune, Mississippi, near the scene of the February murder, and there hanged to a tree.

Two hours past midnight some one notified the sheriff that a man's body had been seen hanging from a tree limb, and the officer soon located the murdered man. The body was yet warm, but the soul had fled.

Mobs are easily formed in the Southern States; for there the mob spirit is more strongly entrenched than in any other part of the civilised world Word spreads that a negro has brutally murdered a prominent white man. Indignation is the immediate reaction. White men begin to form in small groups of three or four. The men become angry. The groups grow larger and unite. Some excited person cries, "Lynch him!" The cry is taken up by others. It spreads. It is the torch that lights the fire of passion. The rational men become an irrational mob. The cruel, vindictive, irrational, murderous mob is born.

The mob marches on the jail, storms its doors, subdues its guards, and seizes the prisoner. A noose is thrown around the victim's neck, and a tree serves as the gallows.

With the negro's death the mob disperses, its members again rational men. But there are no pangs of conscience, there is no remorse and no regret. Occasionally a Grand Jury investigates the outrage, but seldom indicts. No one is to be found who will admit that he can identify a single member of the mob.

The mob spirit, which had its birth in the bitter reconstruction days when white men were forced to fight negro domination, has left its dark and forbidding stain upon one of the loveliest portions of the world. But the more thoughtful people of the South are ashamed of this gruesome practice, and have lately taken a firm stand against it. Fortunately their efforts have not been in vain; for, with the exception of one or two years, there has been a steady decrease in the annual number of lynchings since 1915. Perhaps in another decade mob outrages will be rare occurrences. But, for the present at least, the mob spirit lives, and lynching continues.

TALES OF S.O.S. AND T.T.T.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

VI. A CONFLICT OF RISK.

So far in these Tales we have been concerned with the age-long perils of the sea, with ice, and tempests, and fire, and collisions, and fogs. They were, and always will be, great enough to try to their uttermost the patience and skill and courage of mariners. Yet to them came in the years upon which we must now touch a new peril, one growing more and more urgent as the years passed: the peril of destruction at the hands of man. Capture in war is as old as sea warfare, but destruction, violent, almost instantaneous, destruction, was so new and strange that it took our merchant seamen a good many months to realise that it had really come. The war risk was a phenomenon so unprecedented that for a while it was difficult to place. It did not supplement the known sea perils so much as cut right across them. It was in direct conflict with them, and often at its highest when the sea risks were at their lowest. In the early days of the war it appeared as an exasperation, a vulgar intrusion, into a maritime scheme of life which was beginning to show some balance between known perils and ascertained precautions. The most powerful emotion aroused by the new war peril in the minds of our merchant officers and men was resentment. It sent them reluctantly to school again to learn a strange temporary job. They were navigators and sea carriers, trained to move cargoes safely and economically, managers and storekeepers of floating hotels; they were a branch of commerce, not of war. It was no part of their work in life to be mine bumpers and torpedo dodgers. In the conflict of risk between the sea perils and the war perils, the sea perils, which they had faced all their lives and thoroughly understood, still towered pre-eminent; and so remained until the *Lusitania* was sent to the bottom off the south coast of Ireland. That was a very disturbing shock.

In the Navy we find an exactly opposite state of mind. And naturally, because the Navy is trained for war and the merchant service for peace. With the Navy the war perils, whatever they might be, were from the first pre-eminent, and the sea perils had to take their chance. In his book on 'The Grand Fleet,' Admiral Lord Jellicoe tells of his feelings in the unprotected harbour at Scapa Flow during the early months of the war. At a

whisper of the word "Submarine" this vast superficially omnipotent herd of warships would scurry for the open sea in any weather, without lights —or at best a faint blue glimmer over the stern rail,—churning at immense hazard through the tide rips of the Pentland Firth. Until the anchorage at Scapa had been adequately protected against submarine attack, the Grand Fleet spent most of its time at sea in the brief days and long, dark, stormy nights of that first winter; and so it was all through the war in varying degrees. The sea risks were always subordinated to the war risks, and the war risks themselves to the primary duties of a fighting Navy. On their periodical sweeps through the North Sea, the battleships in divisions would be ordered to zigzag and to pay close regard to mines; but when on the afternoon of 31st May 1916 Admiral Jellicoe was warned by wireless that Beatty had established contact with the enemy, the Grand Fleet at once abandoned all these precautions, and steamed at full speed straight for the sound of the guns. In the evaluation of risk the Navy never had any doubts about its duty.

For the Merchant Service the mental turning-point was the loss of the *Lusitania* on the afternoon of 7th May 1915. Our interest in this terrible event is, after eleven years, mainly psychological. Although the Germans had officially declared that enemy merchant ships in the war zone about the British Isles would be destroyed on and after 18th February 1915, very few people—outside the Admiralty —took the warning seriously. The notice excited scorn and contempt rather than apprehension. Even on 1st May, when another and more definite threat to Atlantic steamers was published as an advertisement in the American newspapers by the Imperial German Embassy, the British and American publics remained incredulous. The thing seemed too bad to be true, and most of us declined to believe it. It was at this moment of scornful incredulity on both sides of the Atlantic that the *Lusitania* sailed—at noon on 1st May,—and we cannot doubt that her officers and men and passengers were to some extent affected by the mental atmosphere which surrounded them. They all knew that the German Embassy's threat of that morning was directed at the *Lusitania* herself, yet her deliberate sinking must have seemed too remote from human possibility to be seriously contemplated. The writer, who was then the editor of a leading Scottish newspaper and in receipt of much confidential information, must confess that he was never more surprised in his life than when he was rung up on 7th May and told that the *Lusitania* had been sunk. He doubted both the will and the power of the German Government to sink her; for he had been informed

that the Admiralty were taking no chances, and were themselves directing the movements of the liner by wireless.

This, as later information revealed, was not quite correct. The Admiralty were in wireless communication with the *Lusitania*, giving her warnings of German submarine movements as they were from time to time ascertained, and they had issued a memorandum of advice on 22nd March to homeward-bound Atlantic steamers; but they made no attempt whatever to relieve the captain or owners of the *Lusitania* of their responsibility for the safe navigation of the vessel. It was explained that they were serving out general advice rather than "imperative orders," and that their warnings were not intended to cramp the initiative of responsible masters. The memorandum of warning and advice of 22nd March, excellent though it was from the point of view of trained naval officers, did clash most violently with the training of merchant ship captains, and placed them in a grave professional dilemma. For it elevated the war risk—the peril of submarines—so much above the sea risk that it invited ship captains to take navigation hazards in crowded waters, which to them must have seemed crazy. The last thing that they could be expected to do—until the submarine peril had made itself more fully manifest to their intelligences—was to set behind them everything that they had learned about careful navigation in British waters.

The memorandum of 22nd March informed captains that vessels passing up the Irish or English Channel should keep a mid-channel course. They should also zigzag at high speed, altering course at short and irregular intervals, say, ten minutes to half an hour. It was explained that the underwater speed of a submarine was low, and that it was exceedingly difficult for her to get into position to deliver an attack unless she could observe and predict the course of the ship attacked. But upon the most important question of all to navigators—the landfall—the memorandum gave small guidance. It was obvious that before fast steamers, like the *Lusitania*, could start to zigzag at high speed along the south coast of Ireland, up the middle of the St George's Channel, and turn into the Irish Sea, they must start from a fixed point, which could only be determined by a carefully observed landfall. They could not come across three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean, much of the voyage in overcast weather, by dead reckoning and zigzag towards St George's Channel without fixing their position; and that meant taking bearings on some known headland on the south coast of Ireland. All that the Admiralty memorandum said about the vital need for accurate observations was that British

merchant vessels "when making principal landfalls at night" should not approach nearer than was absolutely necessary for safe navigation. It was frankly admitted by Captain William Turner of the *Lusitania* that he had not taken the mid-channel course with its zigzags, as recommended in the Admiralty memorandum, because he had not got his observed starting-point for these manœuvres. It was at the moment when he was fixing this essential point by bearings on the Old Head of Kinsale that he was torpedoed and sunk. To his sailor mind—and Lord Mersey's Court of Inquiry held him blameless—safe navigation among the sea perils of narrow waters must not be subordinated to war perils.

There can be no settlement in this conflict of risk; it is all a matter of degree. After the loss of the *Lusitania* the merchant sailors' minds did come to realise that amid war perils so insistent some relaxation of their rigid code of safe marine navigation must be conceded. They were compelled to take sea chances against which their whole beings consciously and sub-consciously protested. They had to steam in convoys, without lights or with faint glimmers of light, zigzagging by clock. They had to make landfalls without lighthouses, and penetrate channels from which the buoys had been removed or deliberately misplaced. They daily and nightly submitted to the commission of navigational outrages, and suffered a torture of the mind far worse than any suffering of the body. That the regular Navy should perform dazzling feats in blind navigation seemed right and proper—it was the Navy's job,—but that they should be expected to do it, and moreover should succeed in doing it, did not excuse the crime against good seamanship involved in it. We may be sure that when peace came back to the seas, the merchant officers and seamen valued the return to their cherished principles of sound navigation far more than the relief from continuous peril to their lives by mine and torpedo.

The run of the *Lusitania* across the Atlantic on a great circle course was uneventful, and it was not until the early morning of 6th May that special precautions began to be taken. The lifeboats under davits were swung outboard ready for instant launching; the boat accommodation for passengers and crew was ample, given time and opportunity to employ it. All bulkhead doors were closed except those required for working the ship. The usual practice of the homeward-bound Cunard steamers was to pass within some five miles of the Fastnet rock, in the south-west corner of Ireland; but in view of the practical certainty that submarines would be there on watch, Captain Turner decided to give Fastnet a miss, and

to set a course about twenty-five miles to the south of it. He therefore never saw the Fastnet, and had not by the morning of 7th May made a landfall. He was navigating by sights and dead reckoning.

He was correct, as he learned later, about the Germans being on watch for him in the vicinity of the Fastnet rock, but he did not yet know of any specific dispositions. It may be convenient to say here that there were at least three submarines lying in wait for the *Lusitania*: at the Fastnet, farther to the east towards St George's Channel, and off the Old Head of Kinsale. Setting aside all moral considerations, and regarding the German dispositions from the military point of view, it must be allowed that they were well judged. The German commanders knew that the captain of the *Lusitania* must make his landfall and fix his position before he proceeded towards the narrows, and that their opportunity would come as he was fixing it. The Old Head of Kinsale was as likely a point as any other for a fix, so Schwieger in the U 20 chose it for his watch. The *Lusitania* was by so much too fast for him that he was compelled to get ahead somewhere on her probable course and wait for her passing. This is what he did, and did with great skill.

The *Lusitania* came across the Atlantic at 21 knots, but dropped to 18 knots when approaching Ireland. This seemed a strange thing to do just when danger was greatest and speed most important. It was explained as necessary in order to suit the arrival of the ship at Liverpool to the state of the tides there. It was, the captain judged, better to reduce speed on the way than to be compelled to lie off the port as a helpless target for any submarines which might be cruising in the Irish Sea. As a matter of fact, the difference in speed between 18 and 21 knots did not affect the vessel's fate.

Now we come to the morning of 7th May. In perfect weather, except for a slight fog, speed was reduced to 15 knots, and the vessel kept well away from the land, which was known to be to port, but had not yet been seen. At eleven o'clock the fog cleared, and the sun shone out brightly on a smooth sea. The captain increased his speed to 18 knots once more, and set his course towards the land in order to get his fix.

The wireless room had begun to be busy. The *Lusitania* carried two operators, who kept a constant watch by day and night, and in order that the aerial might be clear for incoming warnings, no passengers' telegrams were accepted for transmission. We saw in a previous Tale how an operator while engaged upon transmission failed to take in an urgent S.O.S. from a burning ship. Up to this stage in the journey two warnings had come in, both on the evening of 6th

May. The admiral at Queenstown signalled that submarines had been reported near Castlehaven, and shortly afterwards there came an explicit instruction: "Take Liverpool pilot at Bar and avoid headlands. Pass harbours at full speed, steer mid-channel course, submarines at Fastnet." Then at half-past eleven on the morning of the 7th came a third message that submarines were active in the south part of the Irish Channel, and had been last heard of twenty miles south of Coningbeg Lighthouse. All these wireless warnings were received by the operators, and taken immediately to the captain.

Let us look at the situation from his point of view. He knew now that German submarines were behind him at the Fastnet and in front of him off Coningbeg, and he had been directed to avoid headlands and steer a mid-channel course at full speed. But the Admiralty had been careful to explain in their memorandum of warning of 22nd March that instructions of the kind were not "imperative orders," and did not relieve him of responsibility for the safe navigation of his ship. He was in dangerous waters with a great line of rocky coast to the north of him and the narrow St George's Channel with a nasty turn ahead of him. Fog at any moment might return—he was in the season and waters of frequent fogs—and he had not yet fixed his position. To the mind of an experienced captain of big passenger liners it was inexcusable to proceed farther until his exact position had been determined. When that had been done he could weigh the information received, and do the best that he could in the light of it. So he decided first to get an exact bearing on a known headland, and then to set a course close under the Coningbeg Lighthouse, and as far as possible from the reported cruising ground there of German submarines. It was not, we may observe, a case of choice between the sea risk and the war risk so much as the elimination of the sea risk —by direct observation—and the acceptance of the war risk. Had Captain Turner literally followed the Admiralty instruction, and gone on without making his landfall, he would have greatly added to his sea risk without necessarily reducing his war risk. He would, it is true, have avoided Schwieger's U 20 then waiting for him at Old Kinsale, but he might have steamed into the jaws of another U-boat off Coningbeg.

Although Brow Head was sighted at 12.10 and Galley Head at 12.40, a long way off, Captain Turner held on, altering course still more towards the land, but not taking a series of bearings. He arrived at a decision to fix his position relative to the Old Head of Kinsale by the receipt of a fourth message at one o'clock to the effect that submarines, proceeding westwards, had been

sighted two hours earlier off Cape Clear near the Fastnet. These submarines were now well astern of him, and moving in the opposite direction, so that danger from them at any rate had passed.

The Old Head of Kinsale was sighted at 1.40 P.M. in beautifully clear weather. It was from ten to fifteen miles distant. The course was then set nearly due east, and orders given to the navigating officers to take a four-point bearing. This observation required that the vessel should be run at a uniform speed on as straight a line as possible for some thirty-five minutes. From this line at four points bearings would be taken, and the result would be an accurate fix. That is what Captain Turner wanted before going any farther on his way. He judged it the right and seamanlike thing to do, and from this view no pressure of subsequent cross-examination could make him budge an inch. "I had to fix my position," said he again and again.

How far off the Old Head of Kinsale Kapitän-Leutnant Schwieger was lying in his U 20 we do not know. He must have seen the great bulk of the *Lusitania* for an hour or more, and watched her anxiously as she came in towards him. In comparison with her he had no speed, and had she zigzagged to and from the land, he would have been helpless to harm her. When he saw her turn to the east and settle upon a steady course he must have realised exactly what she was about, and chuckled to himself in nasty German fashion; for it must be confessed that she gave him a "sitter" for as many torpedoes as he could let loose at her. Provided that he could get in fairly close, submerged, he simply could not miss. The *Lusitania* was 785 feet long and drew 34 feet of water. No submarine officer in the war, British or German, ever had a more perfect target.

As we summon up that scene on that bright soft spring afternoon, the horror of eleven years ago gives place to other feelings. The massive conservatism of the English sea captain, intent upon doing in seamanlike fashion the right thing in the right way, compels our admiration. No threat of German submarines could turn him by a fraction from his duty to owners and passengers, as he conceived that duty. He had to provide for the safe navigation of the huge ship entrusted to him. It is true that his four-point bearing at that particular spot cost him the *Lusitania* and twelve hundred lives, but that was due to the unknown mischance of U 20 being there waiting for him. Had he been informed that she was there he would have avoided Old Kinsale as he had avoided the Fastnet, and taken his bearings somewhere else. But not all the German submarines that ever swum or dived or loosed off torpedoes would have prevented

this imperturbable English sailor from fixing his position accurately before going up to Liverpool. He could no more have neglected that duty than he could have failed to stick to his ship until she sank under his feet. And Kapitän-Leutnant Schwieger was as typically German in his methods as Captain Turner was typically English. He had chosen his cruising ground with great judgment, and, when his chance came, he used it ruthlessly and skilfully. We need not suppose that he liked the filthy job, but he did with relentless efficiency what he held to be his duty. He got in very close to the path of the *Lusitania*, and his torpedoes were fired from within five hundred yards, possibly even nearer. The *Lusitania* had two men on the look-out aloft, two men in the bows, and many officers and quartermasters on the bridge. But disaster fell too rapidly for anything to be done. The submarine was not seen at all. One of the look-out men aloft sighted one of the torpedoes when it was two hundred yards away. "It came," he said, "straight, right, correct for the ship. She could not have got clear had she been going a hundred knots." A look-out man on the forecastle head saw what he thought was a conning tower submerging between four and five hundred yards away, and the tracks of two torpedoes: a thin streak of foam making for the ship at a rapid speed, and another streak parallel with the first and a little behind it. The first of these torpedoes hit the *Lusitania* between Nos. 2 and 3 funnels, and the second at the base of No. 3 funnel. There was also evidence that a third torpedo, deflected from its course as often happens, passed under the *Lusitania's* stern. It was not needed. Those two which exploded on her starboard side amidships sank her in less than twenty minutes.

Robert Leith, the senior wireless operator, did what he could to summon assistance, but time was too short for any vessels to arrive before the *Lusitania* had gone. There is a horrible sameness about these war losses of merchant steamers. Many of them were torpedoed and sunk so quickly that not even a distress call could get away. Leith at once sent out the S.O.S. with the position as ten miles south of the Old Head of Kinsale, and then the ship's dynamo failed him. The engines had been put out of action. He went over at once to the emergency spark set, worked by batteries within the wireless house, and continued to send his distress calls until the ship sank. At the end, as she was going, he jumped off into a boat full of water. There were in this and in other similar cases tales by some passengers of confusion and disorder. But in matters of seamanship and boat handling the opinions of passengers are of little value, and their well-meant efforts to help are

often the occasion of disorder. Those serve best who stand aside and wait. Of the ship's company of crew and passengers, 761 were saved and 1198 drowned.

The work of life-saving was done under great difficulties. The steamer listed heavily over on her stricken starboard side, putting the port side boats rapidly out of action. It is at a time like this that individual merit has an opportunity to shine, and to reveal what may be done by courage and resolution. Leslie Morton, a boy of eighteen, the able seaman who from his look-out station had seen the two torpedoes streaking for the ship, deserves his place in any tale that is told of the *Lusitania*. He did his appointed job at helping passengers into boats, and then swam off as the ship turned over and sank. "The last thing I remember," said he afterwards, "was Captain Turner on the bridge just by the signal halyards." Morton met in the water another seaman named Parry, and the pair of them climbed upon an empty collapsible boat. The two youngsters righted the boat, stripped off the canvas cover, and set up the sides. Then they set to work to pick people out of the water and haul them into their cranky craft until she was quite full. Their first cargo of survivors numbered over fifty. Five miles off was a fishing smack making for the scene. Off went Morton and Parry with their load to the smack, passed them all on board, and "went away for some more." They came up against a sinking lifeboat in which there were some twenty or thirty people, and saved them all. Finally, they were themselves taken off their coracle of wood and canvas by a minesweeper. In all the stories of the sea we know nothing more worthy of remembrance than that self-imposed boat work of Morton and Parry. And young Morton was so reluctant to tell of his part in it that the details had to be extracted from him as with a judicial corkscrew.

We have examined in this Tale the conflict of risk in the mind of Captain Turner in some detail, because Mr Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the *Lusitania's* loss, summed up the case against him with harsh brevity in his 'World Crisis,' Vol. II. After quoting the telegrams of warning received by Captain Turner, Mr Churchill wrote: "In spite of these warnings and instructions, for which the Admiralty Trade Division deserve credit, the *Lusitania* was proceeding along the usual trade-route without zigzagging at little more than three-quarter speed, when . . ." she was torpedoed. We prefer the judicial verdict of Lord Mersey, that most experienced of all Wreck Commissioners, before whom the evidence in the *Lusitania* inquiry was heard: "The conclusion at which I have arrived," said he, "is

that blame ought not to be imputed to the captain. The advice given to him, although meant for his most serious and careful consideration, was not intended to deprive him of the right to exercise his skilled judgment in the difficult questions that might arise from time to time in the navigation of his ship. His omission to follow the advice in all respects cannot fairly be attributed either to negligence or incompetence. He exercised his judgment for the best. It was the judgment of a skilled and experienced man; and although others might have acted differently, and perhaps more successfully, he ought not, in my opinion, to be blamed."

The *Lusitania* was the first unarmed passenger steamer to be sunk by a submerged submarine without any warning whatever. The case introduced the new doctrine—now reluctantly accepted — that when nations are at war all members of those nations, armed and unarmed, are at war. Until then it was assumed that, in a war against maritime communications, non-combatants would at least be given time to escape in boats before their sea homes were sent to the bottom. After the loss of the *Lusitania* that assumption was shown to be unfounded. The Germans did not at one moment of time and at one step cross the line which divided the old wars between armies and navies and the new wars *à outrance* between nations and nations. The most important case of destruction at sea before the *Lusitania* was that of the *Falaba*, an Elder Dempster boat outward bound for West Africa, which was sunk after warning on the morning of 28th March 1915. It is true that the warning was too brief to be of much avail—a mere ten minutes,—yet before that the *Falaba* was pursued by a submarine on the surface for some twenty minutes, and distress calls were successfully got away before the disaster occurred. The vessel sank in eight minutes, and as the torpedo which destroyed her exploded under the Marconi house, it is probable that no distress calls could have been made had the *Falaba* been attacked, as was the *Lusitania*, without warning. Afterwards, as the war against sea carriage and sea transport developed, we were compelled to shed all illusions. And if it should happen that we become again involved in a maritime war with a naval power, there will be no illusions from the beginning. By sea, as by land, there will be no distinction drawn between the hazards of combatants and non-combatants. It may indeed happen — it is at any rate a common Service view — that armies and navies, with their capacity for defence, will be safe "funk holes" in comparison with exposed industrial cities and helpless merchant steamers.

MANDRAGORA.

BY KENNETH MACNICHOL.

LONG ago, before the first Bretons came into Morbihan, even many centuries before Roman galleys destroyed the great fleet of the Veneti of Gaul in the Bay of Quiberon, the forgotten Elder People set up a broad stone on the bleak moor overlooking the restless western sea. Now rust-red lichen covers that old grey stone, but some dim consciousness of another time, when Men - er - Hrœck dripped with smoking blood of the sacrifice, remains with the people of Kerimor.

The Fairy Stone gives its name to the farm of Anne Trémel, the widow, whose daughter, Mélarie, was beloved of Cado Réal. Widow Trémel had a bad name in Kerimor. Perhaps, in the beginning, that was only because of the Fairy Stone. It was said that she was a wise woman who knew curious secrets. On occasion she would sell a charm for the healing of cattle or to awaken love. Good neighbours were civil enough in their speech to her. Otherwise they chose to avoid her unless they required such services.

She was not at all satisfied with the choice of her daughter, who gave love in return for love to Cado Réal. The young peasant's lands, which adjoined the farm at Men-er-Hrœck, had no more than fifteen hectares of stony soil. One could gain but a weary living from such poor land. What the land refused, Cado Réal was forced to wrest from the sea. He saw no hardship in this. He was young and strong. His shoulders were broad for the bearing of heavy burdens. His fields, such as they were, demanded arduous labour, but raised no crop of debts. He owned a quarter interest in a staunch fishing - boat. There were many maids in the parish of Kerimor who glanced hopefully at him before it was known that Cado would have only Mélarie Trémel. Widow Trémel might have been pleased by his favour, except that Joban Héric had spoken to her.

The lands of Joban Héric, the widower, joined the fields of Men - er - Hrœck, reaching down toward the village of Kerimor. The farm of Cado Réal was high on the moor, the soil shallow over the rock, burned by the sun, swept by salt winds from the sea. The widower's lands lay in a deep depression, where the fields gathered depth and fertility through uncounted years. He was a rich peasant as wealth is counted in Kerimor. As an acceptable suitor Joban Héric had the added advantage of being childless and old

Widow Trémel could reasonably expect to outlive him by a score of years. She welcomed his visits when senile folly hinted that Joban Héric would welcome a young wife at his hearth. A few years of youth in barter for all his fair fields to add to the farm at Men-er-Hrœck—a fine bargain! Between these two, then, the marriage was all but arranged.

Only Mélarie, when her mother proposed that union, would not have it so. At the fairs she had danced with Cado Réal. She had felt the eyes of envious rivals when the sea-blue eyes of Cado Réal looked into her own. She had watched him put forth in his boat with the fishermen, the boat leaping on the wave, Cado erect, swaying easily to that tossing as he waved farewell to her. Long before his lips faltered a halting declaration, or clinging kisses told all that speech could not say, Mélarie knew that Cado Réal was her man just as she was his woman until earth claimed her, or the sea, stronger than love, took him from her.

Mélarie laughed when Anne Trémel told her of Joban Héric's desire, for she had parted from Cado but the hour before. She laughed carelessly, thinking such folly beyond need for consideration; she laughed scornfully when Anne Trémel urged the advantages of that marriage for her. She thought of the strong arms of Cado Réal holding her closely, and the straight back of her man, and of clear blue eyes where her will was drowned resistlessly as the sea takes the bodies of men.

"Nasty old spider!" she said; and then she was thinking of the thin arms of Joban Héric, and of his crooked back stooped with bending over his clods, and of the shifting old eyes, quick as the eyes of a gull and as greedy cruel.

Anne Trémel did not laugh. She sulked for a day, and for more than a day she stormed; but this, since Mélarie was also a woman knowing a woman's ways in an argument, touched her daughter scarcely at all. When Anne Trémel learned the truth that was behind her daughter's indifference, she stormed no more.

"You will marry Joban Héric, whom I choose for you," she said darkly. "You shall never marry Cado Réal."

After that for many days there was fear in the heart of the girl, for the house was silent, and Anne Trémel threatened nothing. She looked at Mélarie broodingly as one who has stern faith in the power of time, knowing that the bonds of young love are less strong than the call of death or the force of implacable will.

Mélarie feared for her love, although for twenty years she had lived with Anne Trémel, and felt no such haunting fear of her human anger. But there were whisperings in the village which sometimes reached her ears. Sometimes at night, as she lay in bed with the carven doors of her cupboard shut

tight upon her, she heard the tread of cautious footsteps and other whispers in which the mother had a part. No evil in that, perhaps, but a traffic beyond the things of sight and sound; therefore fearful, mysterious, not to be thought about. There were herbs of the fields to be gathered at certain seasons when the moon was round or when the moon was dark, which varied in virtue with the time of gathering. Once, when Mélarie was a child, she had found her mother carefully boiling the bones of a mouse. No questions were asked, but the girl always remembered her feeling of horror. She knew nothing more of Anne Trémel's commerce in charms and incantations, but she belonged to a race which, within the memory of one generation, has made offerings to the stark image of Brother Death in their churches, prayed with faith for revenge on an enemy, invoked the power of the Blessed Saints to speed a destroying curse. Mélarie could not doubt that malévolence may be a force wilfully directed for harm. She dreamed of the raising of tempests against her love; that his feet, misdirected, might betray him at the edge of a cliff; that evil fortune might lead his love astray. Her waking fears were not so definite. She only felt that a shadow lay over the life of her love, and it was the same shadow of brooding which she feared in the dark eyes of Anne Trémel. When Mélarie could endure this no longer, she went to the priest.

A determined man, this Father Mathieu of Kerimor, tramping up to Men-er-Hrœck across the windy moor, ragged black cassock flapping about his heels. He was not one who wasted much time in argument. He knew himself to be but an ignorant peasant man, but there was the mighty authority and strength of the Church behind Father Mathieu, the priest, with the Pope of Rome, vice-regent of God Almighty, at the head of the Church, so that the poor priest became voice and interpreter for Awful Majesty, filling all space, speaking from beyond the stars. He gave his orders, then, as he was directed, and expected that his directions would be obeyed.

"One hears," said he humbly enough to Anne Trémel, "that there is a marriage to be arranged for your daughter? Eh, well, so soon! It must seem to you but a day since she was christened—a child even yet, although one knows that she is a splendid woman. You have found a suitable husband for her?"

"Our neighbour, Joban Héric, has asked for her hand," said Anne Trémel grimly. She did not like the ways of this interfering priest.

"You have promised her to him?"

"He has my consent."

"And our daughter?"

"She is obedient. She will do as I say."

"Ah, well," said the priest, and he sighed. "How the eyes are deceived! I have thought, seeing them often together, that Mélarie might marry Cado Réal."

"Never!" cried Anne Trémel. She felt trapped. The eyes of the priest regarded her clearly and calmly. "What! He is poor as a louse! His farm is a pile of stones. Shall he be brought home to her one day cold from the sea?"

"We are all in God's hands," the priest answered. "One does not graft the green shoot on a dying tree."

"She shall marry Joban Héric," declared Anne Trémel stubbornly. Her dark eyes glowed. She pressed her hard lips together lest she should say more than that.

"When she comes to me gladly to say that marriage with Joban Héric is the desire of her heart, then I shall bless that marriage. But Cado Réal loves her. I think that she loves him. Yes; one must know these things. Think of your daughter's happiness, forgetting an ambition that might become a sin very easily, Madame Trémel." He smiled. "One knows, of course, that Joban Héric owns a fine farm. He is a lone old man. Should he speak for the mistress of Men-er-Hrœck, then, naturally, one would have nothing to say."

Anne Trémel frowned. She did not appreciate the humour of Father Mathieu.

"You forbid the marriage?"

"I cannot do that," the priest answered truthfully. "Only, without being convinced that Mélarie had chosen that old man for herself, I should certainly refuse to marry them."

"There are other priests."

"I speak for the Church," said Father Mathieu with dignity. "You are a hard, grasping woman, Madame Trémel. Be warned in time against the corruption of evil."

He stepped out from the cottage into the pale sunshine. His black cassock whipped about his legs as he strode away over the moor. Anne Trémel stood in her doorway. There was hate like a curse in the glances which followed him.

Thus, by the meddling of Father Mathieu, Cado Réal won Mélarie Trémel to be wife to him. They were married within the month, for Anne Trémel must rid her eyes of the sight of her daughter. She offered no objection when Cado Réal spoke to her. After all, fifteen hectares was something joined to Men-er-Hrœck, but the mother hated Cado Réal for having robbed her. She coveted the deep fields of Joban Héric the more for having lost them. Her envy of those fields was like poison in her heart each time that she looked down toward Kerimor.

Perhaps the suggestion of Father Mathieu had something to do with it, for Anne Trémel was increasingly friendly to Joban Héric after her daughter's marriage. Sometimes, see-

ing the old man delving in a field within sight of her cottage, she would take a jug of cider down into the field; sometimes, when bread had been baked, she would send him a crusty loaf. No such gifts came to the cottage of Cado Réal, where Mélarie attended her fowls and the little garden, or kept the soup hot in the coals awaiting the coming of Cado home from the sea. There was but little communication between mother and daughter, although the smoke from Cado's cottage blew down over a low hill across Men-er-Hrœck. Sometimes Joban Héric, in passing, stopped to talk for a while with Widow Trémel. Only once was Mélarie's marriage mentioned between them.

"They go well together?" asked Héric curiously, twisting a crooked thumb toward the cottage of Cado Réal.

"Well enough," said Anne Trémel evenly. "You know, Joban Héric, he was not my choice."

"No? Ah, well——" He licked his thin lips. "I am old enough to have patience, but I am not too old. I take no risks. I shall live for a long time yet."

"One may hope that," said Anne Trémel quietly, but there was a thought in her mind that was like the stab of sharp steel.

"Hé! A long time yet, for I am a careful man—not like these young fools who risk their lives for a basket of herrings, eh? Well, a widow need not be so particular. It may be—yes—it may be."

It was true, that old one had learned how to wait. Anne Trémel, a gaunt hard woman, shrank away from him. She remembered what Mélarie had said of Joban Héric, and he was like that: thin arms outspread, pale grey eyes shifting, quiet, so still, waiting, the friend of death. But his nets were spread over the land that always, in her mind, she joined to Men-er-Hrœck.

"Are there no other maids?" Anne Trémel asked, certain of the old man's answer.

"There is no one like Mélarie—no; not another like her. I can wait."

Joban Héric grinned toothlessly, crept away along the moorland road, bent shoulders stooping, clumsy sabots stirring the clinging dust. Beyond that crawling figure his green fields rippled as a wind touched the springing corn. Widow Trémel turned back into her cottage. The cool interior seemed dark after she had been facing the clear pale sky that drooped abruptly over the edge of the moor.

And now, six months after that marriage, Cado Réal was ill. One evening, after a heavy day in his stony fields, he admitted that he was very tired. He had no appetite for the soup which Mélarie prepared for him. He slept restlessly, and he dreamed bad dreams. Nevertheless, at dawn he went out to the fields again. When, in mid-morning,

he returned to the cottage where breakfast was waiting, he staggered a little. A baffling mist floated before his eyes. His head ached dreadfully, although the day was not hot. Mélarie would not permit him to return to the fields.

It was the fifth day after that when Mélarie, frightened as she had never been frightened before, sent for the doctor from Plouharnel. He came in a light carriage, a tall bearded Frenchman, who spoke Breton brokenly. The doctor asked a few questions, pried open the windows, left certain white powders for the prostrate patient, and an order that all water for drinking must be set on the fire and boiled.

"One can do nothing for them," he told the friend who came with him. "What can you expect? A well in the farmyard; the sick man in a cupboard, and the house sealed like a tomb—a fine strong fellow, too, wasting away with slow fever."

"He will die?"

"As likely as not. They will not call a doctor except for a dying man. I opened the windows. They will be shut again by this time."

Certainly Mélarie had shut the cottage windows while she could yet hear the sound of the carriage wheels. Cado Réal was shivering beneath many blankets and a thick feather quilt as he lay in the cupboard bed. One knew the danger of a current of air. Cado was thirsty. Mélarie gave him a drink from the earthen jug that stood by the door. One might boil water for ever and it would be no thicker nor quench thirst better for that. Very faithfully, however, she gave Cado the white powders, for physician's medicine is a mystery and a kind of a charm; it is natural that something should be taken to drive an illness away.

Cado was a strong man, and he fought the fever well. He forbade Mélarie to send for the doctor again. It was a waste of money when he knew so well what had happened to him. Since the first day he had known. One is not ill for nothing when one has never known any kind of illness before.

He knew why he was ill, but that was a secret he had kept from Mélarie. That day when he first felt the pains in his head, he had leaned over a wall and talked for not more than five minutes with Anne Trémel. She had looked at him strangely, and asked him if he was quite well. Now he burned with this fever, and everything was confused in his head, and day by day he felt the strength going out of his body. Especially at evening there were terrible pains in his arms, in his legs—no matter how he turned and twisted he could get no relief from them. Then his head would grow great until it filled all the room. Sometimes Mélarie comforted him, but more often, at night, there would be Anne Trémel

sitting beside his bed, looking at him, hell-fire aglow in her eyes. It did no good to shut the doors of the cupboard on her. She would open them stealthily, groping about inside with a strong bony hand that closed on his throat until he could not breathe. He could not cry out. Then he would hear the crackling laughter of the witch in the dark. One night the hand would remain a little longer there on his throat.

He did not tell Mélarie how much he suffered, or what the end must be, but in moments of reason when he could think clearly and calmly about it—blessed daylight filling the low-ceilinged room, and Mélarie moving about quietly between the wide fireplace and the bed—he understood well enough why Widow Trémel hated him, and how, from the first, probably, she had meant to be rid of him. There were times when he turned his face to the wall and prayed desperately for deliverance, but he knew that prayer was useless: the witch was already damned; the Blessed Saints could have no power over her. He must die with his secret lest Mélarie be ashamed. So, when she saw that he could listen to her and she asked him tenderly how it went with him, he always returned the same answer.

"It goes better now. Soon I shall be working for you once more." But he felt certain that he should never work again. He looked at his big brown hands, and they were thin and trembling. He could scarcely pull the light coverlet more closely about him when he felt cold.

Very often, when the fever burned him, he would know that he was dreaming or babbling foolishly, but he would not be able to stop that talking. Then his body would seem to grow light, floating away through infinite depths of space, or rising and falling on the smooth waves of a dusky sea. There were long hours when he remembered nothing at all of their passing, and time went brokenly, so that night followed morning without pause, or there were no nights but only an uncounted succession of hurried days. He did not know that he had ever betrayed his secret, but there were nights when unguarded lips cried out his agony, and he would rise up in bed staring wildly, fighting the burning eyes of the witch away from him, tearing her hands from his throat, until, when he was exhausted, Mélarie, love conquering terror, would gently lay her man back on the heaped pillows, sit close to him through the dark hours, for he seemed less restless when she was touching him. Better than Cado Réal she knew all his haunting fears, but she knew they were only the dreams of delirium.

For a fortnight after the doctor's visit he lingered, growing weaker each day. Mélarie was constantly torn between hope and despair. So often he assured her that he would

soon be well, but he was no better, and she saw how he wasted away. One morning, then, he was conscious for no more than an hour. At evening, when the lamp had been lit, she saw that his eyes were open and followed her. His lips moved. Mélarie bent over him. He was forming the words slowly, with effort, before he tried to use his whispering voice.

"Bring the priest."

"He comes every day. He was here this morning, beloved, but you were asleep."

His lips moved again, but she heard only "—— the priest." She understood. The body perished. There was no time for delay. To the care of Father Mathieu he commended his soul.

Hunted, she sped from the house, leaving Cado Réal to await the bringing of consolation. It was more than a kilometre down into Kerimor. The priest might be absent. Her feet were winged on the rough path over the hill. To the right, set back behind a low stone wall, was the cottage of Anne Trémel. She could send her mother! She would return to her man. But no—she could hasten more swiftly. Her mother should watch with Cado until she returned.

There was but a dim glow of light from the shuttered window, where a part of one of the oaken boards was broken away. Mélarie glanced through the chink on her way to the door.

Soft glow of firelight drove the shadows into the corners. Before the fire a shape crouched low on the floor. It swayed back and forth. The hands were hidden. Long black hair fell over the hunched shoulders. The head turned slowly. A face was suddenly painted in ruddy light. It was a blind face, but the dark eyes were straining wide; a terrible face with thin lips writhing; a snarling mask. She held something before her in the hollow of her hands. She caressed that thing with fierce gestures, muttering.

She held the figure forth to the heat of the fire, and it was like a little doll. She turned that thing like a little doll over and over.

Horror laid cold hands on the girl at the window. She screamed without sound. She covered her eyes with an arm and fell toward the roadway. She began running, sobbing aloud as she ran.

The house of Joban Héric was dark, but Mélarie beat on the rough door until her fists were bruised and bleeding. After an eternity a night-capped head was thrust forth from a low window under the eaves. The cracked voice of the old man cried fearfully into the night.

"What is it? Know that I have a gun!"

"Where is Marie Viaud?"

A shutter opened a crack at the side of the house. Joban Héric's housekeeper, his cousin, answered to her name.

"Who is there?"

"Mélarie Réal," the girl sobbed. "Go up to our cottage, Marie. I go for the priest. Cado is dying — my mother is killing him. She has a mandrake—I saw it in her hand!"

Without awaiting an answer Mélarie sped back to the road. A light was lit in the cottage of Joban Héric. Presently the woman opened the door. Behind her the old peasant reached forth a detaining hand. The woman broke away from him angrily.

"I am going, I say!"

"It is none of our business!"

"Shall the witch murder a man? You heard what Mélarie said?"

"The girl is crazed!"

"And why not? Must I argue all night? Go back to bed, Joban Héric, before you catch a chill!"

When Marie Viaud reached the roadway she did not turn up the hill toward the cottage of Cado Réal. She dared not risk passing the house of the witch alone. Glancing back often over her shoulder she hastened toward Kerimor, but she went only as far as the next farm below on the moor.

Within the half-hour there were a dozen peasants, men and women, moving along that road. They crowded together, a dark mass in the darkness, advancing cautiously. Starlight glanced from the whetted blade of a scythe. Once, when an excited woman began whispering shrilly between chattering teeth, a rough voice bade her be silent. Now and then the group was joined by others who hastened over the moor. Cado Réal was loved. Anne Trémel was feared, and that fear had suddenly, at a word, burst into terrible hatred. But it was fear that moved them, and fear that told them what work they had to do.

Nearing the cottage at Mener-Hrœck they advanced more cautiously. Beside the wall, where the group pressed closely together, there was a little muttered talk between some of the men. One, more fearful than the others, little by little drew away from his fellows, but he was afraid to leave them. He stood shivering at a distance beneath a stunted tree. The boldest, Yves Cadoudal, vaulted over the wall. He went up to the window, making no sound. He turned, waving both arms in an emphatic gesture. As the others came after him, he kicked at Anne Trémel's door; his wooden sabot crashed against the barred oak.

"Open!" he yelled. Fear roughened his voice.

There was a shrill scream from within the cottage, then the terrified demand—

"Who calls me?"

"Cado Réal is dying! Open the door!"

After a moment the door opened very slowly. Yves Cadoudal, thrusting forward, pushed it wide. Widow Trémel, tall and gaunt, impeded his entrance.

"What is it you say? And these people——!" She stepped backward in affright, feeling the menace of that silent gathering.

"Cado Réal is dying! We accuse you!"

Anne Trémel cried out inarticulately, glancing back involuntarily into the room. Yves Cadoudal reached toward her. She retreated, coming to bay in a shadowed corner. She saw no mercy in the faces of those who filled the room. Many threatening hands were uplifted against her. From outside the shrill voice of a woman cried hoarsely—

"Drown the witch!"

Anne Trémel struggled silently, seized by a dozen hands. One struck her violently when her teeth locked on his wrist. Her bodice, torn, fell away from a straining shoulder. Her feet scraped the tiles as they threw her toward the door. Some one kicked a wisp of straw from a cast sabot into the coals, and light flared up in the room. Those nearest the doorway fell back. A man cried loudly—

"The priest!"

His old black cassock was a part of the darkness beyond the door. When he stepped into the room the peasants drew away, leaving a space about him. Across that space he looked at the writhing form of Anne Trémel, who was yet grasped from either side. The face of the priest was pale. His eyes looked dangerous.

"Here is devil's business," he said slowly. He did not raise his hands, which were clenched tight in a fold of his cassock. "Why are you here?"

Sullen angry eyes fell before that level gaze. Embarrassed eyes looked at the floor and the ceiling. Contorted faces assumed a mask of wooden stolidity.

"Who answers?" Father Mathieu demanded. His voice was low, but the cold scorn of those words stung the peasants like the thrust of a goad.

"Marie Viaud told us," a woman cried, unable to endure the accusing silence.

"She is a witch, and she has killed Cado Réal," declared Yves Cadoudal, but he could not look at the priest.

"Are you a witch?" Father Mathieu asked Anne Trémel, but he did not look at her either, and she did not answer him. Marie Viaud thought it right to defend herself.

"It is enough that her own daughter saw her at her devil's work. Where is Mélarie Réal?"

"Where you should be—with her husband," the priest replied gravely. "As I should be there." Then suddenly, "Since when is there no law in Kerimor?"

"There is no law against witches, and you know that very well!" Yves Cadoudal cried, gaining courage from the quiet of the priest.

"So you take God's justice out of the hands of God, forgetting Him?"

"It is right that the witch

should die!" said Yves Cadoudal stubbornly.

"You know, then, that witchcraft has killed Cado Réal?"

"An hour ago he was dying. Well — if that is not enough——!" He strode to a little cupboard set into the face of the wall, but he dared not open it. "I saw her put her thing in there." He stood trembling while Father Mathieu opened the doors. There were crocks in the cupboard, and on an upper shelf a loose heap of dried herbs. "Behind that," said Yves Cadoudal, but he did not raise his eyes.

Father Mathieu's hand groped behind the dusty herbs. The peasants shuddered as he drew forth his hand. Anne Trémel, crouched on the floor, covered her scratched face with her arms. Those who looked at the priest saw that he held a little bundle loosely wrapped in a bit of rag. He dropped the rag on the tiles, and glanced down at the thing that lay on his hand—a forked root of mandragora, shrivelled and dry, with a head roughly carved on it. The legs and back of the puppet were stuck full of sharp wild-apple thorns.

"Fools!" A shiver of disgust set the priest's hand to trembling. He dropped the doll to the floor. With an angry heel he crushed it to a shapeless mass against the red tiles. With his foot he spurned the fragments into the fire, where they crackled and smoked and blackened away. Then to Anne Trémel: "Against this I warned you; against following the evil I saw growing in your heart. Now this is black sin! And it is all nonsense! You have harmed only yourself by your silly flummery. God alone knows how you have endangered your soul. And this sin of your neighbours, nevertheless their own—oh, my children! What must I say to you?"

He reached out yearning hands to those peasants, who looked at him stupidly, stubbornly, unconvinced. There was no response in them. Again swift anger narrowed the eyes of their priest.

"Out! Before I say that to you of which I must be ashamed!"

He drove them into the night. They were like harried sheep scattered before the priest's unvoiced condemnation. No man spoke to another. Beyond the cottage wall all adherence between them dissolved, each slinking off as they went their separate ways. At the doorway the priest paused, took one step back into the cottage, where Anne Trémel, stricken, still sat crouched on the floor. She looked up at him dumbly.

"You will come to confession to-morrow," Father Mathieu said briefly. He hesitated, feeling that there was something more he should say, but no words were given to him. Abruptly he went out, striding with long steps over the hill toward the cottage of Cado Réal.

Mélarie, hearing his footsteps,

opened the door to him. A cautioning finger was raised to her lips. Cado Réal was sleeping easily, breathing full and deep, tiny drops of moisture dewing his forehead.

"Must he be awakened?" Mélarie asked, whispering.

The priest turned his head as he bent into the bed, listening to that even breathing.

"There is no need. Rest—I will watch by him."

It was after midnight when Cado Réal awakened, clear reason in his eyes.

"Mélarie," he faltered. She encircled him with protecting arms. She did not know that her body was weary, so great was her joy.

"You are better, beloved? No more bad dreams?"

"Something has happened," he whispered. "The pain is gone. I am not troubled."

"I know, dear heart. See, Father Mathieu is here. He has been down there——"

"Hush!" The priest laid his hand on Mélarie's shoulder. She said no more then. After a little time Cado Réal spoke again, and his voice was stronger.

"How tired I am." His eyelids drooped. He turned his face to the wall. Within a minute or two he was sound asleep.

In the grey dawn Father Mathieu came down over the hill, passing Men - er - Hrœck. Cado Réal would live: he had no doubt of that. Yet the priest was troubled. So bitter was his fight against evil and ignorance; so difficult to keep the souls of his people turned to the ways of God! He had saved life that night, but that seemed to him a matter of passing importance. He had, he thought, saved souls from a terrible sin. Beyond that he acknowledged defeat. The simple truth was too strange. He could not stop the talk in the cottages.

Cado Réal was dying, they would argue stubbornly. He knew—they all had proof—that the witch was killing him. When her power was broken, then Brother Death passed by. Let their priest say what he would; a man had reason, and could believe his own eyes.

So the talk would go. Father Mathieu, through the years, must fight that battle again and again. All along the road he prayed for strength which he had faith would be given. There was peace in his heart before he reached Kerimor.

"The rest is with God." The priest did not know how that thought came to him. His poor human endeavours, he knew, were often unfruitful. He sinned like other men, and was as often mistaken. Why he had been given the care of souls he did not know. He did not know exactly what those words meant, but, beset by many doubts, they comforted him. They compassed his faith—incentive to strife against evil as long as his days should be; assurance of omniscient patience infinite as Divine Com-

passion. The rest was with God.

Such thoughts would never trouble Cado Réal. In due time, thin and pale, he walked out into the sunshine. Very soon he was brown again. His young strength returned, and his hands grew hard. He made grateful offering to St Efflam the Healer, and something less to St Guennolé, powerful enemy of all demoniac arts. St Guennolé, indeed, should have had all of his gift except that awkward questions might have been asked. With that, happily, he was done with the business, and could set his mind on more practical affairs.

He had a practical mind, this Cado Réal. With good effect he applied it to the work of his hands. Within two years of the time when he "shook hands with Brother Death," as he speaks of that happening, he could look out over the rich fields of Joban Héric and say to Mélarie, his wife, "One day, no doubt—one day we shall own all that!"

It was no unsubstantial hope. The farm at Men-er-Hrœck prospered under his care, for Anne Trémel, a lay servant in a convent at Vannes, expiated her sin, and sometimes thought that, with such care, she might well save her soul from the flame. Joban Héric, bedridden, but threatening to live for a long time yet, was not sorry to lease his lands to Cado Réal.

All that is told in this tale is almost forgotten, except that among Father Mathieu's parishioners there are twenty or more who never pass by the cottage at Men-er-Hrœck without raising a hand and furtively crossing themselves.

BUSH GIPSIES.

BY FUNDI.

II. THE UNCROWNED KING.

THERE are some pleasant scoundrels in the world, desperadoes to whom one is violently attracted despite their many shortcomings, and of this particular breed was a certain gentleman known to the whole gipsy population of Portuguese East as Jaloda Jim. Jaloda Jim—his real name is a matter of no consequence—was the type of man who appears to have had the gipsy life thrust upon him. So far as I ever discovered, there was nothing in his immediate ancestry or environment to account for his wandering propensity, and in point of fact both his father and grandfather had held the living of a small village in the county of Kent. He once showed me a photograph of the place; a queer, rambling old house, half rectory half fortress, with old-fashioned diamond panes leaded into the long narrow windows. Its ivy-covered walls ended in a castellated top, relic of other and more martial days, but now disposed to hide themselves behind a screen of quiet brooding elms. Jaloda Jim had first seen the light of day in that rectory, but there again it was difficult to see anything which might have tended to fire a boy's imagination for the far ends of the earth. Nor was there anything in his education, for he had been sent to the county Grammar School, and his subsequent acquaintance with the University of Cambridge was of such brief duration that it could have had but little effect upon his character. He had not been very long in residence there when something, I never knew quite what, occurred which had the instantaneous result of sending him packing back to the quiet of his father's rectory. His arrival there had, to use his own expression, "put years on the pater"; and although he continued to hang about the place, his mind was steadily hardening towards a life abroad. He considered that a burning injustice had been done him in being sent down, and I believe that the warped knight-errantry of his later years is directly traceable to this early sense of injustice. A few months later he said good-bye to his home and his people, and, with no particular idea in his head, sailed for Cape Town. Having landed, he turned his hand to many things to make a living, but within the year had drifted, as so many others of his stamp used to drift, into the bosom of the

hell-fire B.S.A.P. For three hectic years he rode and drank in their ranks, absorbing some of their virtues and all of their vices, and at the end of that time, having attained the stripes of a full corporal, he suddenly threw up the entire service and plunged into the gipsy life which had come to attract him so strongly.

He was now about twenty-four, strong as a lion, hardy—as only the B.S.A.P. life can harden a man,—and possessed of a most curious mentality. Wedded to his early traditions, to his early sense of injustice, was the policeman's instinct to right the wrong. Although no longer backed by the law, he went his way relieving the wants of oppressed humanity and, where necessary, chastising the evil-doer upon no other authority than his own colossal strength. In course of time, perhaps naturally, he developed into something closely resembling the genus, bully; and had it not been for the tradition that was so deeply bred in him, he would have deteriorated into a common "stiff." Fortunately, however, he was saved from that ignominy, and became merely a general nuisance. He interfered in everybody's affairs. Where he thought it necessary he laid down the law, and executed it in person. He established himself as judge, jury, and executioner, and woe betide the man who dared to stand against him. His arrogance was unbounded, his conceit in his own importance colossal, his courage sky-high, yet throughout all his high-handed dealings ran a very strong sense of almost quixotic chivalry. Just so, I imagine, did the knights of romance sally forth into the world to throw down the gauntlet to all-comers: strong men, arrogant men, often enough cruel men, yet withal chivalrous men; and in the same way travelled Jaloda Jim.

At twenty-seven he appeared in Rhodesia, and before he was thirty his was admitted to be the only word in all those places where men assemble and meet together. He arrived in Rhodesia with a powerful reputation, and it is sufficient to say that he did nothing to diminish it during the three years of his sojourn there. Men learned to avoid him whenever possible. In some ways he became a kind of social pariah, but there was always one element that saved him from utter extinction, and that one, the women. Jaloda Jim was big, he was big all over, and he was handsome—two characteristics which have never yet failed to appeal to the feminine heart. The women may have trembled at his depredations, have sighed at his waywardness, but they brightened to the glance of him and thrilled to the touch of him; and one and all they loved him.

It was while in Rhodesia that he collected his sobriquet, Jaloda Jim. Thinking to settle down, he acquired a small

plantation on the Jaloda River, where for a time he retired to make money—but not for long! Hardly had the country begun to breathe freely than he reappeared. Not for him the ordered routine of the husbandman, the planting, tending, and harvesting of crops; he needed the wider life. His soul longed for the thrill and the sparkle of adventure, yearned for fresh fields to conquer and new domains to rule. For a while he stuck fast to his gardens, but gradually the old gipsy spirit awoke. The wanderlust got hold of him, and tormented him by day and by night, until finally, throwing everything to the winds, he packed his blankets, mounted his horse, and rode away into the great unknown.

Followed three years of ceaseless wanderings. North to the Congo, west into Nigeria, back again to the Congo, east through what was German East Africa, across the Rovuma, and into Portuguese territory, where he called a halt. Here he was in his element, and he at once began to impress his powerful personality upon that plastic land. In Rhodesia he had been, to some slight extent, held in check by the more or less organised forces of established law. In Portuguese territory law was but a very vague term at best, one whose interpretation rested solely upon the individual governor and varied, according to his ideas and courage, in its enforcement; and Jaloda Jim, while possessing some slight awe of a government, took not the slightest notice of the individual. Once only did any governor have the temerity to remonstrate with the high-handed adventurer, and he very soon realised that he would be a much wiser and healthier man if he were blind in both eyes and deaf in both ears and dumb with the only tongue that God had given him whenever Jaloda Jim was about.

He made his living in Portuguese East in a variety of ways, for by this time he could turn his hand to anything and find a means of making money where not a solitary guinea was visible to less experienced eyes. He was scrupulously honest and fabulously generous—easy come and easy go. No one ever appealed to him in vain. Not a single down-and-outer in the territory but knew the heart of Jaloda Jim. And quite often their hides had reason to know his strength, too; for, if in the process of investigating the reason for their down-and-outness, he considered that the applicant had been a knave, he would calmly proceed to administer to him the thrashing of his life, and then, after reviving him with a drink, present him with the money he needed and pack him off to his destination. Father to the whole race of gipsies was Jaloda Jim, and he took their troubles upon his own capable shoulders. No distance was too great for him to traverse

if he heard of any occurrence which, in his opinion, needed his disciplinary attention. If he heard of any woman being lightly treated by a man he was hot on the trail within an hour of receiving the news. He would, if he considered it necessary, thrash the guilty man to within an inch of his life, and then, apologising to the girl in the case, send the rascal packing. The fact that it was none of his business never appeared to enter his head. It was sufficient for him to know that a wrong had been done. His plain duty was to right that wrong, and he never once swerved by so much as a hair's-breadth from this self-appointed duty.

It was now March of 19—. Jaloda Jim was thirty-three years old, the war had finished, and Portuguese East was waking to a period of hectic activity. Gone were the silent jungles, the sleepy swamps, the drowsy native villages. Industry was expanding its boundaries, and a new railway was being driven through the bush from Beira to the Zambesi. Adventurers from the remotest parts of Africa were flocking to the base like vultures to a feast. By train, by machila, by boat they came, but the vast majority came in the gipsy fashion—on foot; and chief and foremost of this latter brigade came Jaloda Jim.

I was shooting at the time on the confines of the Morongoro Forest, a jungle which stretches practically without a break over one hundred and twenty miles from the Zangwe River to Beira, and it was late one afternoon when Jaloda Jim drifted into my camp.

"Who's this fellow Bisson or Basson or Besson?" he asked as we shook hands.

"Bisson?" I repeated, "Bessan, Basson, I've never heard of him. Who's he?"

"Don't know. But I'll soon find out."

"What's he doing?"

"Don't know. Something on the 'construction,' I think."

"What do you want him for?"

"To give him a hiding. It's just about time I came down here. A nice lot of scoundrels this 'construction' is bringing into the country."

"Still 'King of Portuguese East,'" I laughed, using the title that I had often heard applied to him. "What's Mr Bisson — Basson — Besson been doing to fall foul of your majesty?"

"I met a party of natives up the trail," he explained, throwing his great length into my canvas chair. "They were carrying a girl, who said that this fellow had beaten her for stealing food from his *banda*."

"Well?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"She didn't steal food from his *banda*. I asked her, and she said she didn't. Also she showed me her back, and there were four weals across it. The brute had used a shambok to her."

"Oh!"

"Yes! She says he works on the 'construction' not very far from here, so to-morrow we will go up and deal with him."

"Don't drag me into the business," I begged. "It's difficult enough living here as it is."

"I'll soon quieten this lot down," predicted Jim, calmly. "Coming here thinking they can do as they like—beating women and——"

"But if she did steal his food?"

"She didn't!" Jim smiled grimly. "And even if she did steal his wretched food, that doesn't excuse a white man beating a woman."

"Quite!" I agreed.

"I've kept this territory free of that sort of thing for a goodly number of years, and I'm not going to stand for this rascally crew of rag-tag and bob-tail 'stiffs' who've drifted in from Heaven alone knows where to work on this 'construction.' No, by George!" And there was a very righteous indignation in his voice. "Now, will you come with me?"

"Jim," said I regretfully, "I do wish you had stayed up north. What do you want to come down here for, upsetting a law-abiding citizen in his business of potting pachyderms?"

Jaloda Jim sat back and crossed his legs, happily. "You wouldn't have me sit up north and let this crowd have it all their own way, would you? Besides, I've come to make some money."

"You mean?"

"I've got a contract. I'm going to build five miles of railway not very far from here. We shall be seeing a lot of each other in the future."

"I'd rather live on a volcano," I groaned.

"Anyway, we'll start off with this Bessan or Bisson fellow right away, first thing in the morning."

In the end I promised to go with him, and next day, just after dawn, we set off up the 'construction' in search of Mr Bisson or Besson or whatever his name might be, intent on demonstrating to him that certain things were never done in the territory overlorded by Jaloda Jim. About two in the afternoon we came out upon a small clearing, and a little investigation soon brought us to a roughly constructed camp. There was nobody about, so we walked up to the grass *banda* and entered. A strong smell of whisky was at once apparent, and a second later we made out the figure of a sleeping man stretched on a camp-bed underneath his mosquito net.

"Drunk!" murmured my companion. "Drunk at two o'clock in the afternoon!"

"Pretty gentleman," said I, walking across to the bed. And then I leant nearer, surprised.

"Nigger hair!" breathed Jim softly, peering through

the meshes of the net. "What have we got here?"

"Looks half-caste!" I whispered, "though his face doesn't."

"Or his hands," put in Jim, who was studying the sleeping figure curiously. "A quarto-caste probably," he suggested.

Eventually, since the fellow was obviously not himself, we decided to go outside and pitch our own camp, and wait until such time as Mr Besson or Bisson should see fit to wake. We camped under the spreading branches of a huge baobob tree, and in the evening, about six o'clock, we strolled back to his house. We found Mr Besson sitting on the edge of his bed, head in hands, and a rather bored expression in his lack-lustre eyes. He seemed surprised to see us.

"'Morning!" he remarked. "One over the fourteen, I think. Have a drink?"

"'Evening," said Jim affably. "It's evening now, you know. Better go and wash, and then come back. I want to talk to you."

If possible, the gentleman looked still more surprised. He stared at Jim and then at me, but apparently was not feeling strong enough to argue.

"Good idea," he said at last. "Won't be long," and he shambled outside.

I looked across at my companion and grinned. Jim pulled out a chair and sat down, his face assuming that magisterial expression that I knew so well. To our ears came the musical splashings of water against a tin bath, and twenty minutes later the gentleman returned to us, all bright and smiling and in a clean white suit.

"That's better!" he proclaimed, taking a seat opposite to Jim. "Have a drink?"

"Not yet," said Jim. "Business first," and hitching himself forward, "you beat a native woman here yesterday!"

"That's so," replied Besson, for that proved to be his name. "That's so! What of it?"

"What of it?" repeated Jim. "I won't have it—that's what of it."

This was rather an involved way of stating his case, and it left Mr Besson in a state of utter bewilderment. He looked blankly at the speaker, and shook his head, dazedly.

"Why did you do it?" snapped Jim.

For another moment Mr Besson sat staring. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Wh—what the dickens has that got to do with you!" he stuttered, his absolute astonishment showing plainly on his face.

"I asked, 'Why did you do it?'" went on Jim, his cold voice in sharp contrast to the other's angry tones.

"And I said, 'What the dickens is that to do with you!'"

"Humph!" commented Jim. "Well! I'll tell you this. Nobody beats women in my territory. I've lived here for a good many years, and what I

say—goes! Beat a woman in my territory and out you go, when I've thrashed you, that is. Do I make myself clear?"

"One moment!" broke in Besson. "One moment. Let's get the matter square. Who on earth are you to come screaming round my camp? By heavens! you must be mad. Get out!" he shouted suddenly, his face white with rage. "Get out!—or I'll throw you out!"

Jaloda Jim rose to his feet, and upon his face was a hopeful grin. For the space of half a minute he continued to gaze upon the person of Mr Besson.

"If only I thought you could fight, nothing would give me greater pleasure, but——" and he paused meaningly.

I don't know what foreign construction Besson could have put upon that remark, but the next moment he jumped to his feet, and, snatching an empty bottle from the table, flung it crashing into Jim's face. The next second he leapt in to follow up his advantage, but he had reckoned without his man. Not for nothing had Jaloda Jim served in the B.S.A.P. and hammered his way from Cape Town to the Congo. Long before Besson could reach him he had lashed out with all his strength, and caught him a terrific blow on that point of his jaw least calculated to stand the shock. Whereupon Mr Besson's knees became loosened, so that he fell, and with a gusty sigh passed into that Nothingness which is Peace.

"I'm going to have trouble with this lad," observed Jim, looking down upon the silent figure at his feet. "I don't like his action one little bit."

"I hope we aren't going to be afflicted with the bottle-throwing variety," I groaned, as I helped put the man back on his bed. "I never could stand the bottle-smashers."

Shortly afterwards Mr Besson came back to earth, and as soon as his intelligence had obviously returned, Jim sat down beside him and recited for his immediate benefit the particular code of morals in force in that territory, to all of which Mr Besson remained silent. "And while you are in this country you'll behave yourself," added Jim. "Yes, by George! or I'll know the reason why. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Mr Besson, however, remained stonily silent, and after a further exhortation Jim turned and left the room, and for the remainder of that night we saw nothing further of the gentleman.

The next day we returned home, but Jim was rather silent and seemed a little depressed. He appeared to see a lot more in Mr Besson than did I myself, and as events proved he was perfectly right. He stayed with me for a day, and then went on down to Dondo to get his equipment for the five miles of

railway of which he had secured the contract. Thereafter I heard nothing further of him for some little time, but I knew that he had started, and I knew that he had employed four other men, Dutchmen, to help him. I imagined that the interest of the work had captured his wayward fancy, that he had really settled down to the serious business of money-making, and left his kingly position to look after itself for a while. In effect this is just what did happen. At first he worked from dawn until dewy eve, and his assistants worked even longer for Jaloda Jim was a born commander of men, and his four Dutchmen vied with each other to serve him best. But as the work proceeded, and the day's task became more and more a matter of routine, his old desire to take a leading rôle in the affairs of his neighbours gradually got the upper hand. He began to leave the "construction," and wander off in search of wrongs to right. Rumours drifted into my camp of Homeric conflicts upon the new line, and soon it was quite evident that Jim was upon the warpath with an arrogance and a determination such as he had never before exhibited.

Actually there was never a time when a strong hand was more badly needed, for the type of man who was overrunning the territory certainly was pestiferous. All nationalities and all breeds were represented, from the British gipsy to the dago thief. Portuguese East has always been rather prone to this latter type of man, especially in the territory south of the Pungwe River where the already indifferent quality of Portuguese law becomes a mere cypher. Now, however, with the advent of so much work in the more northerly territory, these gentlemen had shifted their old headquarters, and had established themselves in considerable force just south of the Zambesi. The task of reducing this element to something like order would have appalled any man with less sense of the divine right of kings than had Jaloda Jim. As it was, he approached the problem with a perfectly calm mind and a tightly clenched fist, secure in the belief that he was right in his actions and that his law was the only possible law for that country. He passed up and down the "construction" with the speed of vengeance, and no evil-doer could escape his punishment except by fleeing the country. At the end of three months, although he had not entirely purged the community of their vices, he certainly had put the fear of God into their hearts. From the Zambesi to the Pungwe the name of Jaloda Jim inspired respect; if not for his principles, then at any rate for his fists and downright thoroughness. Affairs were in this satisfactory condition when I received an unexpected visit from the great man himself.

"Well?" said I, greetings over, "how's the railway?"

Jaloda Jim grinned. "Tell you the truth, laddie, I haven't seen my 'construction' for more than a fortnight!"

"More fool you," I snorted. "Where have you been?"

"Up to eighty-five mile peg."

"To Besson's camp?"

Jim nodded, and stared with a far-away look through the doorway. There was a cloud on his face and he looked worried.

"What's he been up to?" I asked.

"Everything! I knew from the very beginning that I should have trouble with that fellow. I've thrashed him twice already, but I can't beat him down. He's going round now saying that I'm afraid of him—me, mark you! Afraid of that! I determined to go up and settle the thing out of hand. I intended to drag him down the 'construction' with me, and thrash him in every camp we came to, so as to give the lie to this yarn he has spread about. However, when I got up there he was away, and although I've waited a week, he has not yet returned."

"But what's his idea?"

"Devilment, I think, sheer devilment. But, by George! he's going to pay for it when I do catch him."

However, Mr Besson took good care not to be caught, and Jaloda Jim was still trying to come up with him when the course of events took me to Beira. I put up at the Savoy Hotel, and having bathed and changed, sallied forth to find my old friend, Mimi. Mimi, I should explain, was the chatelaine of a cabaret situated on the foreshore, and was a lady of distinctly doubtful parentage. She might be described as a Dutch-Portuguese, but there was also a goodly leavening of French, which showed in her pretty accent and her graceful, debonair carriage. Otherwise she was soft and fluffy and a veritable mine of useless information. I've never known any one who could talk so much, yet say so little, as could Mademoiselle. In Beira her greatest claim to fame and popularity rested solely upon her ability to mix a most intriguing cocktail dubbed, by her, an "Angel's Kiss." "Angel's Kisses" were very much appreciated by the perennially thirsty gipsies of Beira, and so one was always sure of meeting some one or other of one's acquaintance at Mimi's cabaret. Arriving at the little glass door, I swung it open and entered.

A solitary oil-lamp, gleaming fitfully beneath its gaudily painted shade, hung suspended by a long brass chain the other end of which was lost to view in the gloomy shadows of the high ceiling. Directly underneath the lamp, her hair framed in an aureole of coloured light, lounged Mimi idly throwing dice against herself. Otherwise the place was deserted and in darkness, and for a long

second I stood motionless on the door-mat wondering what could have happened. Finally, I let the door slam back, and at the noise Mimi looked up, the box suspended in her fingers.

"Hullo, Mimi!" I called. "What on earth's the matter?"

Down went the dice-box with a clatter as she recognised me.

"*Oh, Stabon! Goood!*" she cried, jumping off the mahogany counter and flying to meet me. "Oh, I am glad to see you—yes!"

Startled by the unaccustomed warmth of her greeting, I drew up a chair the while she prepared me an "Angel's Kiss." "Where is everybody, Mimi?" I asked.

The girl stopped her mixing and pulled a wry face.

"Nobody ever come now," she sighed.

"But why?" I persisted.

"Because Señor Besson he come here last week and make trouble. Two—three nights he come, and two—three nights the police come. Plenty trouble for everybody. Then the English come no more. Soon I have no money left. Then what become of Mimi? Yes! Truly! What?"

For a while I remained silent. I was surprised to hear of Besson being in Beira, but for all Mimi had said I still could not imagine why the British element had deserted their "Angel's Kisses." There must, I imagined, be something more at the back of it than she had told me. Also I wondered if Jim had heard, for here if anywhere was a case for his attention, quite apart from the added incentive of Besson's presence.

"Where is Besson?" I asked.

Mimi glanced at the cheap alarum clock above her head. "He be here very soon," she said.

"And nobody else comes?"

"No; only Besson!"

"But why?"

"He say Jaloda Jim have cabaret to himself. Now *he* have Mimi's cabaret to *himself*. See? Because Jaloda Jim be afraid of Besson!"

I smiled at that, but began to see daylight. Besson evidently intended to establish himself in Beira.

"Does he come alone?" I asked.

"No! He have plenty—what you call—dagoes with him."

"Ho, ho! A bodyguard!"

"A who?" interrupted Mimi.

"Somebody to look after him," I explained.

"Truly! But Jim he no care for that."

"Not he!"

"Soon he come?"

"I expect so!" I agreed cautiously.

"To-night, I think. Yes?"

"Look here, Mimi! You are keeping something back. What have you been doing?"

The mixer of "Angel's Kisses" laughed roguishly.

"Me?" she asked, shaking her head at the ceiling. "Me? I send for Señor Jaloda Jim!"

"The dickens you have!

Well, now there *will* be trouble!"

"But truly! Else why I send? Goood!" she laughed. "Señor Jim he come fast. He come in like this!"—and she gave a tolerably good imitation of Jim's impetuous steps. "He pick up Besson, so, and he hit him hard, like this"—she punched my ribs—"and he kick him, so"—she kicked the counter, viciously—"and then he stand, so, and he laugh, so, and he shout, 'Hi! Mimi, two "Angel's Kisses," by George!'" And the excited girl danced and pirouetted across the room. "Soon everybody come back, and Mimi be very rich again. Goood!"

But for my part I hardly heard her. I was considerably worried about that bodyguard, and it seemed to me that Jim would have more on hand than he could deal with. It occurred to me to get into touch with some of our friends and organise some kind of support, and with that thought in my mind I bade Mimi *au revoir*, and set out for the Savoy. As I passed along the sea wall a dozen or so noisy folk went past me on the other side of the road. The moon was only just rising, and in its dim light I could not make them out with any degree of certainty, but once I thought I heard Besson's laugh. I waited until they had disappeared into Mimi's cabaret, and then continued my walk to the hotel. Ten minutes later I entered the bar, and the first man I saw was Jaloda Jim; nor did it need his quick "Where is the brute?" to show his temper, for his face was set in a mask the like of which I had only seen upon one other occasion. That was when he had defied the whole police force of Beira to arrest him.

"Have you seen him?" he urged.

I told him that I thought he had gone to Mimi's, and I also told him what she had told me about the bodyguard and what I had seen myself.

"Who are they?" he asked. "Dagoes?"

"She says so. And I saw about a dozen of them," I told him. "That's too much to take on, so I propose rounding up a few supports."

"What?" cried Jaloda Jim. "Me want help for Besson and a dozen dagoes? You're mad, man! Just you lead the way to Mimi's, and leave me to run the show my own way."

This was sheer folly, and I attempted to argue the reasonableness of my suggestion, but Jim would have none of it.

"Shut up!" he growled, "and get a move on!"

All further words being utterly wasted, I picked up my hat and made for the door. "Have it your own way," I threw over my shoulder, and the last thing I saw was his white, tense face as he followed me out.

Arriving at Mimi's estaminet I peered through the glass door. Besson was sitting on the counter, and his crew of half-

caste desperadoes were scattered about the room. Mimi—a rather scared-looking Mimi, too—was pressed against the farthest angle of the bar.

"They're a nasty-looking lot," I whispered to Jim. "Let me fetch one or two of our fellows."

For answer he peered through the glass alongside of me. "Thirteen of 'em," he muttered. "And not one of 'em any use. Into it, my lad!" And opening the door he stepped inside. I followed quickly, and bolted the door behind me.

"Good-evening, everybody," I heard him say, coolly.

No one spoke. You could have heard a pin drop. Thirteen pairs of eyes were riveted on the face of Jaloda Jim. Watching Besson closely, I saw a peculiar yellow shade spread gradually over his features, but he gave no sign that he had seen us. Mimi seemed frozen, now that the moment had come. Still no one spoke or made the slightest movement. Then Jim moved forward towards the bar.

"Good-evening, Mimi," he said. "Do you reckon to serve white Kaffirs in here?"

For the space of a second Mimi stared at him as though he were mad. Then Jim repeated his question in Portuguese.

Came a sort of subdued murmur as the question drove home to the minds of the half-castes. Nothing much, just as though the wind had ruffled a few palm leaves, then silence. I saw Mimi try to speak. I saw her lick her dry lips, tentatively, but no words came.

"Because if not," went on Jim—"if not"—and suddenly he placed himself directly in front of Besson—"what are *you* doing here?"

There was a gasp of indignation from the thirteen, a lightning movement of Besson's arms, a splintering of glass, a dull thud, and Jim—the red flaring strongly in his eyes—was standing over the crumpled body of Mr Besson. It had all happened so quickly that it was impossible to see exactly what had occurred. The thirteen shuffled their feet, and looked toward each other for guidance. I adopted a threatening attitude. Mimi stood paralysed behind the shelter of the bar.

"Get out!" came Jim's voice, with the cut of whiplash. "Get out—or get up!—just whichever you like."

Mr Besson moved cautiously, and adjusted his vision to the strange angle consequent upon his position. He shot an appealing glance towards the thirteen, but they appeared to be smitten with sudden blindness. His eye roved along the floor, but Jim had already kicked away the bottle that might have been of use to him. Finally, he stole an anxious glance at the man standing over him, and what he read in that tense face determined his instant course of action.

"I'll get," he muttered.

Disappointed, Jim stepped back. Slowly Mr Besson rose to his knees. Still keeping both hands on the floor he rose to one foot, and then, seeing that Jim made no movement, he stood upright. I saw him calculating the distance between himself and the door. Seven steps it would take him, and every step a step of defeat. The man had a soul—I saw it naked at that moment—but his courage was not high enough to carry it.

"I'll get!" he said again, and without a glance at his companions he walked swiftly to the door. He paused for a second to unbar it. It opened and closed, softly, and Besson was gone. The thirteen heaved a concerted sigh of relief. Mimi laughed shrilly, Jaloda Jim relaxed his strained attitude, and I called for two "Angel's Kisses." I felt like it.

Trade was brisk that night for Mimi, for Jaloda Jim went the round of the town and gathered up the person of every single Britisher he could find. In howling chorus he led them to Mimi's estaminet, for, said he, "we must make things up to the child. She's been doing pretty badly since Besson started acting the knave in Beira. It's up to me to see that she suffers no loss."

During the long hours of that night I heard something of why the British element had forsaken Mimi during the recent crisis. It appeared that Besson was a man to be avoided like the plague. He was something outside their calculation. He was far and away too clever with an empty bottle, a method of settling disputes which made no appeal to their sense of sportsmanship. Jim's face grew dark as he heard the long tale of Besson's peccadilloes, and, so far at least as Mimi was concerned, the tale lost nothing in the telling.

"By the way," he asked, as we strolled home together in the early hours, "is there anything in the harbour?"

"The *Margha*, the B.I. boat, is anchored in the roadstead. Why?"

"When is she sailing?"

"I heard in the hotel that she is leaving at eight o'clock for Cape Town."

"Cape Town, eh?" exclaimed Jim. "Humph! That's lucky! At eight o'clock, you say?"

"Thinking of going in her?" I asked casually, feeling that he had some new scheme in his mind.

"Not exactly! Will you come round to the Vienna at half-past six to-morrow morning—or rather this morning?"

"You are living at the Vienna?" I asked, quickly.

"At the Vienna," said he. "With Mr Besson!" and he laughed, grimly.

"But what's the idea?"

For answer he pulled up short and glanced at his watch. "I'll say good-night to you here," he said abruptly. "Be round at the Vienna by six-thirty, won't you?"

"Yes, sir!" said I, but I

need not have troubled myself to be facetious, for Jaloda Jim was already striding away in the direction of the Vienna Hotel.

There was very little of the night left by this time, and I seemed hardly to have closed my eyes when my boy roused me for my morning tea. It was six o'clock, and dressing hastily, I left the Savoy and walked over to the Vienna. They were just putting the miniature orange-trees outside when I arrived, and in reply to my inquiry for Baas Jim, informed me that he was at that moment having breakfast. To my eternal surprise who should be sitting opposite him but Mr Besson, whose face, I instantly noted, was decorated by a multi-coloured eye and a remarkably swollen jaw.

"Ha!" cried Jim as he saw me in the doorway. "The very man! Slip along to the B.I. offices and book a saloon passage to Cape Town. Mr Besson is going home in the *Margha*."

"Is he, begad?" I jerked out. "Is he?"

"He is," said Jim. But Mr Besson said nothing.

An hour later we three stood on the wet deck of the *Margha*. The packing had been swift, the passage to the ship even swifter.

"I hope you have a decent trip," Jim was saying, in the tones he would have used to his best friend.

Besson looked along the decks in a curiously dazed manner. I found myself wondering how any man could allow himself to be turned out of a country by a totally unofficial person; but Besson knew his own business best, and I did not know what had occurred at the Vienna during the early hours of that morning. The swollen eye and the scar on his jaw might, or might not, have been the result of the previous night's fracas.

"You've got enough money for the voyage?" asked Jim again, solicitously.

Besson nodded, still in that same dazed way.

"And you'll never come back up this way again?"

"Never!" There was a strangely emphatic note in Besson's voice.

"Right you are, then! Good-bye."

"Good-bye," repeated Besson. "Good-bye."

I glanced from Jim's cheery face to that of the speaker. The situation was entirely beyond me. It seemed altogether too unreal, too good to be true. Besson was staring over the ship's rail to where the houses of Beira stood coolly white against their background of green palms. What was going through his mind I could give not the slightest suggestion, until, with a sudden movement, he turned back to us. Then I saw that he was the old Besson we had encountered up the "construction." His face was flushed, and there was an ugly gleam in his dark eyes—a gleam of rage, of baffled

rage. For a second he stood scowling. And then—

"Good-bye, Jaloda Jim," he sneered. "And damn you for the great brute you are!"

"And that's that!" was Jim's only comment as he watched Besson running down the companion-way to his cabin. "That's the end of him!"

"Visitors off the ship!" roared the quartermaster, and we two passed down the gangway to our boat. A few seconds later the *Margha's* syren woke the echoes across the bay; the ball went up on the Customs House; came a clattering of winches from above us; and she was away, tightening up her muddy anchors as she went.

"How did you persuade him to go?" I asked, as soon as we were out of the *Margha's* backwash.

Jaloda Jim was still staring at the foam-flecked heel of her. "There's a lot of romance in these waters, you know," he muttered, vaguely. "Old Solomon's galleys must have anchored here when they came for the gold from the Sofala mines."

"I suppose they did," I broke in impatiently. "But how did you persuade Besson to——"

"And I'll bet it's seen some queer sights since then! Galleys for gold and galleys for slaves. Old Vasco-da-Gama and all his crew——"

"Hang Vasco-da-Gama! What I want to know is—how——"

"Yes! I'd like to have lived in those days. We're some hundreds of years too late, laddie. . . . What shall we do to-day?" he broke off briskly. "What about hiring a boat and going over to the Point for a picnic? We might take Mimi. What d'you say?"

"Firstly, that you bore me stiff with your beastly mysterious innuendoes; and secondly, I don't care what we do. That wretched *Margha* has made me feel homesick!"

"I don't mind telling you that that's my trouble," confessed Jim. "I feel like bursting into tears or writing a letter to the old pater—I don't know which."

"Better do the latter," I suggested. "You can tell him that you are still King of Portuguese East!"

Jaloda Jim looked at me suspiciously, but I retained my innocent expression until his eyes drifted seaward to where the *Margha*, a black smudge against the opal horizon, appeared to be hanging 'twixt sea and sky. In silence we watched her out of sight, and as she disappeared, a certain old phrase shot through my memory.

"So perish all traitors!" I proclaimed, softly, as our boat touched the steps of the quay.

THE HAWAIIAN LAVA FLOW OF APRIL 1926.

BY A. W. B.

AFTER a series of earthquakes of varying intensity, Mauna Loa broke into eruption on the night of 9th-10th April. The glow in the sky was first seen about three o'clock on the morning of the 10th from Hilo Harbour. This was accompanied by a rapid rise and fall to the extent of four feet in the waters of the bay; and simultaneously avalanches of rock and earth were recorded in the Halemaumau Pit of the Kilauea Volcano, which has the largest active crater in the world.

Eruptions in one form or another had been expected for some time, particularly by the native Hawaiians, and the prevalent belief was that any volcanic outbreak would occur in Halemaumau. As the seat of the activity was remote, a day elapsed before the exact location was traced to five fountains in a rift some miles long to the south of the summit of Mauna Loa at an elevation of 11,000 feet. Activity at this point appears to have lasted for only a few hours, emerging subsequently at an elevation of 8000 feet, close to the source of the Alika flow of 1919, and resolving into two flows, one moving very slowly to the south, and the other more rapidly to the south-west. It was the latter flow that crossed the government road some miles lower down after tearing its way through valuable ranch pastures and the lower-lying forests.

The writer first saw the flow at three o'clock on the morning of 17th April. By then it had crossed the government road about thirty miles from its source at Papa.

We could see the glow in the sky seventy miles away as we approached in a motor-car from the south-east past the dormant Kilauea Volcano. The moon had already set, but flashing stars hung low in a clear sky, and the Southern Cross blazed in all its tropical brilliance. At that altitude (over 4000 feet) the cold was bitter. As we drew nearer the ruddy glow appeared to change from a mere rosy point of light to a fiery glare against which the south-western slopes of Mauna Loa were silhouetted blackly, while a cloud of smoke hanging low over the blaze reflected the light of the burning embers. The light, although bright, changed little during the last few miles, but we were suddenly assailed by gusts of hot dusty air smelling strongly of sulphur, and slightly pungent. Rounding a corner sharply, we narrowly escaped collision with a weary traffic cop, and found ourselves head-

ing at about thirty miles an hour for the flow just a hundred and fifty yards off. Brakes screeched to a standstill, then we backed, turned, and parked the car.

The flow had crossed the government road in a forest belt, and the ground was so hot that many bushes burned without the appearance of fire in their near vicinity, although blue flames leaped from cracks in the ground at various points. Dead ahead of us the snaky mass crossed our path, glowing fiercely and shimmering in the heat.

Lava flows on this island may be of two types—Aa (pronounced ah-ah) or Pahoehoe (pronounced pa-hoy-hoy). The latter is liquid, and cools to a fairly smooth and even surface. The former type, of which this flow is composed, consists of a mass of glowing clinkers, moves comparatively slowly with a noise as of bricks falling on bricks, and piles up as it proceeds, in this case to a height of from twenty to thirty feet. I have a specimen before me as I write. It is composed of an aggregate of small sharp particles, each about the size of a grain of sand, fused into one very irregular lump. Embedded in this lump are some bright sparkling flakes, which appear to be mica. For its size the specimen is heavy and of a nigger-brown colour.

The side of the flow was stationary, and had already cooled on the surface almost to blackness; but the interior of the mass was still at a bright clear red heat. Blue flames burned steadily at many points. The centre of the flow was already worn to a depressed channel, down which we could easily see the lava in fiery waves, like a swell approaching the shore, moving at a steady pace of about five miles per hour, all the while emitting a low grinding noise. At Mauka, towards the mountain, an arm of the flow had stopped short before reaching the road; but clinkers rolled intermittently down its face as if it stirred uneasily. Both sides of the road, which is built over an old flow, were in places red-hot.

It was very fascinating to watch huge lava rocks, sometimes as large as a cottage, glide slowly past, their speed being accelerated when a more quickly moving wave overtook them, bearing them along for a little while, then dropping them in its wake, to glide again with the steady moving tide.

Having seen the flow, we were too tired to start back immediately on a 108 miles' ride across the island to the plantations where we worked, so consequently we determined to encamp until daylight. Withdrawing to a safe distance, we parked the car in a cottage yard, and slept beneath a clump of bananas until the roosters and mynah birds awoke us in the dawning.

Proceeding again to the flow to make daylight observations, we found Captain Busch, Commandant of the Kilauea Vol-

cano Camp; Lieutenant Harper of the U.S. Naval Air Service; and Mr T. Boles, Superintendent of the Hawaii National Park, already heating a demi-john of coffee on the hot roadside. Mr Boles discovered a piece of lava of the snowball type. This piece had once been pasty, but in its descent had rolled over and over, forming a sphere with a smooth surface, in contrast to the prevailing roughness on other pieces of lava.

The most interesting part of the flow that still remained to be seen was its entry into the sea. Judging by the velocity of the flow and the distance from the shore, we inferred that the lava should reach the ocean about twelve o'clock noon. The government road at this point was three miles from the shore, and about 1700 feet above sea-level. All the trails in the vicinity were already overwhelmed, but a search soon revealed another about a mile to the south.

Following a distribution of cameras, binoculars, water canteens, charts, and a very limited supply of sandwiches and chocolate amongst the party, we hit the trail. The track was ill-defined, very rough and tortuous. Woods, mainly guavas with an occasional orange-tree, enclosed the first mile and a quarter, where the going was fairly good. Traversing a rocky grass-covered track for three-quarters of a mile, we made the second section of the descent, the going being still fairly good. The third section of about a mile and a half was the most trying, and was separated from the so-called grass paddock (save the mark!) by a drystone dyke to keep out wild pigs. Here we were faced with two trails, one heading apparently due south and the other west. We chose the latter, as it led in the direction of our objective. This track twisted and turned interminably as it dodged thorns, kiawi bushes—beautiful flimsy-looking plants with spikes like tenpenny nails,—sisal or century plants, whose long dry poles blocked the path frequently, and that most affectionate cactus, the prickly pear. Prickly pear spines are as fine and sharp as No. 5 needles, and sufficiently strong to penetrate a cork helmet. One hatless member of the party had the misfortune to discover that his skull was not impregnable to these thorns, which on becoming transfixed merely broke over, leaving their tips securely embedded in his cranium. At last, after about two hours of rough country, we emerged under coco-nut trees on a broad sandy beach about a mile and a half from the flow.

Proceeding north, we encountered a comparatively easy path over lava rocks, which emerged on to a roughly constructed automobile road at the village of Milolii. Milolii is a typical Hawaiian community, peopled with very pure Hawaiian stock, who spend their time in the traditional occupations of fishing and lahala

mat-weaving. All along the beach were outrigger canoes and an occasional sampan. Each tin-roofed wooden house had its own compound and coco-nut grove. Several antiquated Ford cars plied back and forth from the village of Hoopulua, that lay around a little rock-encircled bay farther north, and directly in line with the lava flow.

Eventually we descried the flow reaching in an ugly fashion down the hill-slope behind the village. Like an arm lay that long hot ribbon, spreading in a wide hollow at the foot of the slope, with a grasping hand ready to seize the little village so near to its reach. Due to the wide depression here, and to the fact that the grade was easier southwards, on account of a ridge of old lava some forty or fifty feet high sheltering the village, it appeared that the course of the flow would be deflected between the two villages, sparing them both.

A stream of water under similar circumstances would have naturally sought the lowest level, and taken what appeared to us to be the natural course to the sea—*e.g.*, between the two villages. But when water flows, the whole mass moves. Not so with lava of the Aa type, whose movements I can best explain by analogy.

When rubbish from a coal pit is added to a bing of pit redd, it is wheeled along the top of the bing and tipped over the edge, rolling down the face to the bottom. Successive truck loads of redd build up this face and eventually extend the bing. The flow of Aa is similar, but on a broader and more accelerated scale. Hot rocks—lava—are pushed along the top of the flow by the immense pressure from behind, and coming to the lower face roll over, forming an advancing bed, and are covered up, superseded by the lava immediately behind. The base, once being laid, remains stationary. Thus does the lava stream form a practically straight course, the real advance being over the top, directly away from the greatest exerted pressure.

As the hollow was broad the flow slowed down considerably, steadily filling the depression, and piling up until sufficiently high to top the ridge seawards, delaying thereby the meeting of the lava with the sea. An auto road connecting the shore with the highway had already been crossed in its windings, but as we stood and watched the advance it was engulfed at yet another point, and buried beneath a forty-foot pile of red-hot rocks. Boulder after boulder toppled over the crest and crashed to fragments on the rocks beneath, or slid stiffly among its brethren to be covered over and used as a means of farther advance.

There were about twelve families in Hoopulua, and already most of them had removed their household goods and gods, pigs and poultry and outrigger canoes, from the zone of danger. In a corner of the

village was a small group of graves; conspicuous among them was that of a Hawaiian chief some fifteen years interred. The cement coverings were strewn with brightly coloured paper Leis in the Hawaiian wreath-giving custom of any parting. On each tombstone was painted the traditional Aloha Oe—Farewell to Thee.

Pele, the Goddess of Fire, was propitiated with offerings of Okelehao (the native intoxicant), roast sucking pig, tobacco, &c., &c., laid before the advancing flow of lava. But these sacrifices only appeared to whet her appetite for the village beyond.

One very solemn gentleman, watching the advance at rather close quarters, instinctively stepped backwards into the clinging embrace of a three-foot prickly pear as a boulder rolled over the top in front of him. His expression of mingled pain and astonishment, and his meditated maledictory address, dissolved into a very sporting grin as the spectators guffawed their heartless delight.

It was by now very evident that the flow would not reach the sea until some time during the night or early the following (Sunday) morning. Such a sight was not to be missed at any price, so we remained in the vicinity to await developments.

As the darkness deepened the glow of the flow brightened, and again the sky reflected the brightness. On the sky-line the concave sides of the channel were silhouetted blackly against the glow from the source.

We retired to Milolii to sleep for a few hours, and making our beds of ironwood on the sands, lay and watched the coco-palms' branches gently swaying against the illumined sky. But even the tropics can be chilly when the sky serves for both roof and coverlet, so by four in the morning we were again heading for the village of Hoopulua. A different scene was now presented. Already the landward cottages were being bombarded by hot rock; one by one they were buried where they stood. As each dwelling ignited and blazed, kiawi trees and thorns held the smoke, and appeared in the glare like ghostly snow wraiths. Above the small graveyard burning rocks seemed to hesitate, then it, too, was submerged. Occasionally a lost pig or frenzied cat made a racket in the now deserted village. The population seated along the rough road watched the lava, within a stone's-throw, bearing down on them. Suddenly yells from the right warned us that a fast-moving flow was sweeping down the hill—this was the second that night—careering towards the village. This flow, however, spent itself over the broader expanse of the lower level. Huge rocks, rolling down the face intermittently, smashed the walls like match-boarding, bounded across, and overwhelmed the thoroughfare.

The weirdest dawn I have ever seen came stealing over

the countryside, blackening the red fires with its cold grey light. The track of falling material appeared for a few seconds as livid scars on a monstrous hand, then they too blackened. Yellow clouds of smoke and dust made the morning's glory sickly and ill; the sun appeared for just a few minutes over the mountain tops before it was shut out by the leaden sky.

It has always been the Hawaiian belief that Pele would not touch dwellings, and the natives sat amidst their chattels along the shore almost confident that the village would be spared. When once the village was caught in the conflagration, they continued to watch the oncoming lava with interest and even jest.

About 6 A.M. another wave came rushing down the slopes at about twenty miles an hour. In spite of its slackened speed on the lower levels, it considerably increased the velocity of the moving face, which now travelled so fast that buildings had no time to burn before being completely engulfed.

The largest building — the little store—was hit about this time. One rock struck and ignited it, a second hit the water-tank, raising clouds of steam, then it, too, was no more. The lava, flowing over a tiny rock-bound bay, reached the sea immediately after. Increasing clouds of steam rose from the water's edge as boulders advanced into the water. A continuous series of explosions sent skywards wreaths of fine black dust that curled and twisted in cauliflower clouds of steam and smoke. Soon steam arose from the sea boiling near the lava. Many fish were instantly killed, and shoals could be seen floating dead on the surface. All the rainbow's colours were represented on these fish — yellow, orange, black, blue, and purple, like so many gaudy birds. Warm water could be seen steadily spreading for miles to sea, a clear cut line showing where the different temperatures met, the warm water being smooth and, to shorewards at least, steamy. Swiftly the whole village was buried; coco-nut groves, houses and pig-pens, the little concrete wharf and the anchorages of the slender outrigger canoes. The irresistible race of red-hot rocks still continued to sweep down the hill in rapid waves, plunging into the sea with a dull booming thunder like distant artillery.

SOME SPANISH IMPRESSIONS.

BY E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

"Thou shalt make Castles then in Spayne,
And dream of joye al but in vayne."
—*Romaunt of the Rose.*

My castle in Spain stands where it has ever stood, bathed in sunshine and embowered in orange-groves. It is of too fine and firm a fabric to be stormed or frozen out of existence. Not even has belief in its charm been dissipated by three weeks composed, for the most part, of weather that would seem to have escaped from the Arctic Circle, hoping, no doubt, to better itself, but only succeeding in blighting all it met.

My castle has moved a little farther south, and stands no more in old Castile, but it has the permanence of an unrealised dream whose fascination can never fade. I still possess my illusions.

The fact appears to be that the month of April is too early in the year for Northern Spain to do itself justice, and to arrive—as happened to me—at the frontier on or about the second week of the year's most capricious month is to undermine belief in the assertion of the atlas that Spain's position is south of the Riviera. Yet it is true that the pleasant land of France ends at Hendaye; and at Irun, some twenty minutes over the border, official Spain begins, and there I found winter awaiting me. In an enormous and piercingly cold and draughty hall, did the Spanish Douane set about the baggage, with a ferocity for which the milder French Customs had not prepared me. Armed warriors, thickly gloved (this latter precaution whether taken in consideration of the cold or out of repugnance to their task, it is impossible to say), attacked my harmless clothes, showing no respect for age, rooting and disorganising. My even more harmless hamper of painting materials was disembowelled with vindictive suspicion, regardless of faltering protests in phrase-book Spanish. I do not pretend to competence in the French language, but I have known dark moments in Spain when I have yearned to it as to my mother-tongue. To be bereft of its support in the single instant of crossing the frontier (that purely imaginary line) was as shattering as it was incredible, and the more so that I had been lightly assured that French would "carry" me anywhere in Spain.

. . . . . .

It is possible that there are

others as ignorant of geography as I, and for their instruction I may state that the train from Irun, having passed San Sebastian, seated in fashionable beauty on the blue waters of its bay, plunges forthwith into the Cantabrian Mountains, and strikes away south and west, climbing through passes and tunnels ever upwards, until, having crossed the range, it slants down from the heights to the table-lands of Castile (which are not far from three thousand feet above sea-level), and faces south, by Burgos, for Madrid.

I alighted at Burgos. I use the conventional verb "to alight," little as it suggests the avalanche precipitation of my companion and myself, together with our *petits-bagages* (a complete misnomer in most cases, certainly in mine), down the cliff-like side of a continental train. It added to the embarrassment of the moment that apparently the official, military, and clerical world of Burgos had prepared a reception for us, and was drawn up in magnificent array on the platform. Later, I found that a new Governor-General was awaited from Madrid, but, his arrival being delayed, I can say with some confidence that ours was an agreeable distraction.

A motor of the variety on which is not infrequently bestowed the pet name of "Henry" awaited us at the entrance to the station, surrounded by a bodyguard of cavalry, infantry, and Civil Guards, and looking—for he was a new-born and very superior Henry—well worthy of his impressive escort. I have noticed that the best motorists assume a manner of humorous patronage when speaking of Henrys and their breed, but I would wish—in the words of the ancient proverb—to "speak of the Ford as I find it," and I assert that in the trials that the future held (as shall presently be narrated) no aristocrat of the Automobile Club could have deserved better of its passengers than did our faithful Henry. (Is there not a Grimm fairy tale whereof the hero is one Faithful Henry? Yes, I am sure of it. It was a prevision.)

. . . . . .

Of the ancient city of Burgos one says simply, but with a large note of admiration, "The Cathedral!" and feels that one has said all. Other fine things there are indeed—the Arco de Santa Maria, the Casa del Cordón, the Church of San Nicolás, the Arab gate of San Esteban, but *La Catedral*, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. From the moment that, in the approaching train, the forest of pale pierced spires is suddenly seen high above the red roofs of the town, it seizes the imagination; the more it is known and realised the more marvellous it is felt to be. It covers seven acres of ground, and one passes from one to another of the fifteen chapels into which it is subdivided bewildered by their

extent, stupefied by the miracles of art that have been brought to their enrichment. Carving everywhere; in brown chestnut wood, or in the cream-white stone of Burgos; on the walls, in the choir-stalls, round the arched doorways, crowning the columns; carving of a depth, an intricacy, a delicacy, and an artistry that must express the limit of what is possible for hands and tools. There is a *retablo* of the fifteenth century behind the altar in the chapel of Santa Ana that rises, gorgeous with heavy gilding, a full forty feet in height, covered with carving of indescribable richness and complexity; a marvel of beauty that silences, is almost crushing in its sheer splendour.

A century later, and different in style, yet almost as wonderful, is the stone staircase of Diego de Siloë, in which, from a central flight, the steps strike upward right and left, and then return to meet on a platform high up in the western wall before a great arched doorway. The wall behind them is encrusted with carvings, their pale stone balustrades are draped with what looks like frozen lace — impossible to imagine more perfect proportions, decorations more exquisite.

Such work would seem the patient growth of a thousand years, and yet from Bishop Maurice, the Englishman, who in the thirteenth century laid the foundations of the cathedral, to that High Constable of Castile and his wife whose chapel and tomb are among the later glories of the great church, there were scarcely more than two hundred years. The Condestable and his lady, carved in polished marble, repose in serene beauty in their chapel, their tomb in front of the altar with its towering gold *retablo*. The sculptor, Juan de Borgoña, has made as lovely a memorial of two beautiful people as can well be found. It is hard to realise that five hundred years have seen them lying there and have done no wrong to the still figures, have only softened their whiteness to cream. The Constable holds his bâton of office, the lady's hands are on her breast. There is only sleep in her face, nothing of the aloofness of death; and in the folds of her embroidered robe a little curly-haired dog lies, fast asleep as she, rolled into a compact ball, his little nose on his tail—a privileged little dog one feels, and a well-loved.

. . . . . .

Henry stood, caparisoned, at the door—a bright blue door, such as seems fashionable in Spain—champing (in a figure of speech) his bridle and steel. But the Last Sarabande had not yet been danced in the hall, or elsewhere; was, indeed, assuming a good deal of the character of the Tarantella, as the hour of departure sounded, and the rigorously selective packing was still unaccomplished.

It is no easy matter to pack

for a motor tour in which one has but a third share of the available space in a single car, to decide upon those things that alone have power to smooth the path of life, and to subdue them into a packet that will, in its reticence, extort the approval of a presiding male. Yet this I did, and pleasant as was the praise, it must be said that it scarcely atoned for those necessities that I had forgone to gain it.

A cruise of some five hundred miles was planned, and its first stage was the long level run of about two hundred kilometres from Burgos, through Palencia, to León. This was in the last week of April, when, on that austere Castilian plateau, whose vast level successfully conceals the fact that it is—in point of height, at all events—really a mountain, the crops of wheat, barley, and oats were only beginning, in isolated strips, to make brilliant the fenceless plain with the vivid green that seems—perhaps is — intensified by the blood-red colour of the soil. As far as eye could see went the long alternating bands of purple-red and fiercely emerald green, flowing in low waves to the blue horizon. A stranger, lonelier landscape could hardly be imagined. Not a cottage anywhere, thin lines of rat-tailed poplars the only trees. Every two or three miles a squalid village, red-roofed, yellow-walled, straddled the straight road, twisting its straightness into blind turns and angles; a high-shouldered windowless church brooding over the low houses, like a great hen over her chickens. In the times when robbers made isolated life dangerous, the people gathered together for mutual protection into these villages (though that even the most proficient robber can have extracted a decent living out of such material it is hard to believe). Now the well-armed Guardia Civile (who shoot, at will, at sight) have exterminated robbers, but the villages remain, and the long distances between homes and work have created a mounted peasantry. On the high-roads one may see, from afar, a procession of men and women, moving very slowly along. On nearing them it may be perceived that each is mounted upon a donkey so small as to be almost imperceptible. Thus, with majestic indifference to time, they proceed to their work on the land.

Out on the wide plain, at far-apart intervals, wooden ploughs, drawn by lethargic brown bullocks, crawled along. Here and there a brief row of country people might be seen hoeing, slowly and methodically. Marvellous, to the eye accustomed to Southern Ireland, with its small crooked fields and high fences, and luxuriant furze bushes, and equally luxuriant weeds, and its white cottages speckled thick over the country, and its all-pervading cattle, was this bare expanse, with not a house or a beast or a weed to be seen.

How, with the slowest and most primitive labour imaginable (and, seemingly, very little of it), the work of each season is done within the implacable limits of twelve months, the land cleared, ploughed, and sown, and a corn crop (than which there is none better in Europe) raised and saved, is a matter entirely bewildering.

Now and then, as we sped along the excellent road, we passed groups of long-legged sheep, grazing in charge of shepherds, whose authority was enforced by enormous and ferocious dogs that rushed to attack the motor as though they believed that our blameless Henry had designs upon their charges. The shepherds viewed these assaults (that, in one case, nearly ended fatally for the dog) with entire indifference. They remained motionless, shrouded in rugs that enveloped them from head to foot. It was easily seen that these men of Northern Spain mistrusted their climate (and not without reason, as far as this last April is concerned). Those who were not blanketed over head and ears wore woollen scarfs, like *yashmaks*, wound round and round their necks, leaving only their eyes uncovered. Only the men and the bigger boys indulged in these protective measures; they seemed — as with the "virile Black Shirts" of Italy —to be a masculine privilege. The peasant women went bare-headed and bare-necked, and wore neither hat nor shawl. In the towns, a thin black lace veil thrown over face and hair appeared to be the general headgear of the women of the upper classes, no matter how fierce the wind and rain. But for a disregard of cold and wet, comparable only to that of cormorants on a North Atlantic coast, the great clan of Spanish washerwomen are in a class by themselves. On how many bitter April days have I not watched the washerwomen of Burgos, old and young, a hundred of them or more, kneeling, hour after hour, each in her little wooden trough, heedless of rain or wind or snow, with scarlet arms deep in the green ice-cold waters of the rushing Arlanzón, scouring the victim-objects of their industry on ridged boards, pounding them with wooden bats, twisting them into ropes tight and hard as a ship's cable! How either clothes or women survived is another of the impenetrable mysteries of life.

. . . . . .

It was late when we came to León, the ancient city that took its name from the Roman legions whose headquarters it was, and has been fought for and possessed in turn by Romans and Goths, Moslems and Spaniards. We ran uphill into the town beside the tremendous remains of the old Roman fortifications, and found, as seems the custom in Spanish towns, the main street filled from wall to wall with promenaders; soldiers and priests, young men and women, mov-

ing shoulder to shoulder in a slow tide, absorbed in conversation of a gaiety, not to say exuberance, that dispelled for ever the tradition of the grave and taciturn people of Spain.

Our polite and considerate Henry nosed his way slowly, carefully, with incessant warnings, through the throng, and finally deposited us, without premeditation, merely as being the first landing-place we could come at through the crowd, at the hotel dedicated to our country, the Hotel Inglés.

It was by this time long past nine o'clock, but at the hotel dinner was no more than begun. Ten o'clock—so we found from, at times, rather painful experience — is the usual Spanish dinner-hour, and that food should have been possible before that time was apparently of the nature of a concession to travellers. It was not a good dinner; not even for such as can accept oil and garlic as the basis of cookery. For one thing, the inversion of the usual order of courses bewildered appetites that were not accustomed to find fish following underdone slabs of roast veal, attended by a poultice of some obscure vegetable, and with soup low down in the succession—soup, that should yield its pride of place to none, to be, as it were, included among those who "also ran"! But there were oranges such as are found only in the south, and a white wine of a scented limpidity that made its price—somewhere about tenpence a bottle—seem wonderfully inadequate to its merits.

An enormous bedroom, scantily furnished, harshly clean, was allotted to me. The dark polished floor was like a frozen lake; the white muslin blinds in the uncurtained windows swung in the draughts. The single electric light fitting was beside the distant door, involving a perilous return in darkness to bed. And I had no sooner gained that harbour than a burst of jazz music overhead, followed by the thunder of many feet, forced on me the dread truth that the hotel ballroom was above my room, and that a night of revelry had begun. Dancing was interspersed with song, song that secured gales of applause. Through and above all other sounds went the roar of conversation. Somewhere between five and six o'clock I slept, and even in slumber I was 'ware of the cat-screeches of one particularly noxious and popular female singer.

. . . . . .

I have a respect, rising at times to infatuation, for guide-books. I do not, I admit, go as far as an American friend of mine to whom I had lent that great work, 'The Continental Bradshaw.' She said she had sat up all night to see how it ended. Short of such extremes, I study Karl Baedeker and his fellow-writers with unfaltering interest as well as mental improvement. Karl's tactful admonitions to "the stranger in Spain" fill me with

humiliation as I realise how little, in these desultory notes, I have offered of useful information. Karl, for example, advises the traveller that "'*Turista*' is the best epithet to describe one's station in life."

It is a necessary warning, and yet it would never have occurred to me. In common with (as I believe) many other fairly respectable people, I have never felt myself to be a tourist. The word seems to imply a status but little above that of professional tramp, or even tinker. The high-water mark of commendation is felt to be implied when it is said of a place of holiday, "And there were no tourists there!" (as it might be orange-peel, or empty ginger-beer bottles).

Yet Baedeker tells us that the title "*Turista*" best describes our station in life, and he is always right. Elsewhere he advises the *Turista* that he is "apt to be carried away by the lively, cheerful, and obliging tone of Spanish society, and should avoid turning the conversation on serious matters, and should, above all, refrain from expressing an opinion on religious or political questions" —a sound piece of advice, if superfluous to me, since my phrase-book ignored equally politics and religion. Had George Borrow received it, it might indeed have saved him some awkward moments, as well as a night in jail, but it would certainly have taken the spirit—not to say the swagger—out of 'The Bible in Spain' (that enchanting work whose only dull line is its title).

The temptation to supplement my own inadequate impressions with quotations from Karl must be suppressed, but I think it is only fair to those who may desire a little reliable information to quote the facts he offers as to the cathedral of León. "The cathedral (Santa Maria de Regla), one of the grandest examples of the Early Gothic style on Spanish soil, is smaller than the cathedrals of Toledo, Burgos, and Seville, but excels them in delicacy of execution. It is closely allied with the cathedrals of Rheims and Amiens. The present building, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Bishop Manrique de Lara in 1199, was actually begun about 1250" (which was, as a matter of fact, pretty good going for Spain), "and was not finished till the close of the following century." Thus Karl. I now turn to the information supplied by another authority, the present caretaker of the cathedral, whose sounding name and title is Señor Don Juan Torbado y Flores, Arquitecto diocesano de León. This high authority says of the cathedral, in a little book replete with erudition and excellent photographs, that—

"Our church, the Pulchra Leonina of the adage, is a perfect model of Gothic art at its fullest and purest. It justly enjoys the reputation of counting among the most beau-

tiful and daring monuments of its age," and he adds, in a burst of enthusiasm that I will not pale by translation, "*No es posible contemplarla sin experimentar una sensacion especialisima e intensa.* . . . Without doubt," he continues, "it was the intention of the unknown architect to build a church of supreme elegance and lightness, and this *gran maestro del Arte* has succeeded in filling with wonder the minds of all those who contemplate this notable monument."

He does not say too much. The slender columns of the nave support a vaulted roof nearly a hundred feet high. "The clerestory lights occupy the whole space between the piers, so there is no real side wall," says Don Juan, "therefore the *Leoneses*, with their typical acuteness in observation, say that their cathedral has no walls!"

For my part, I would say that its windows have no glass. Only jewels, rubies, emeralds, topazes, sapphires could glow and flash as do those wondrous windows. I sat me down by the carven base of one of the soaring columns, and stared into the marvel of what had at first seemed to be only broken colour; and gradually saints and angels, kings and queens, began to emerge and take shape in the radiance. It was Sunday morning, and while I sat there the nave of the great church had filled. The congregation was composed almost entirely of men, many soldiers among them. There were no seats in the nave, but there was no moving or shuffling. I have never seen more devout people. Presently a very rich and mellow voice began to reverberate through the aisles, and I moved my place so that I could see the pulpit. The preacher was an oldish man, with a dark, thin, priestly face. (The Church of Rome is wise, and has a preaching order that serves to protect its congregations from the incompetent babblers that too often victimise the Protestant Communion.) He wore a very plain black robe; I heard afterwards that he held high office, and was known as a great preacher. He spoke intensely, almost without gesture, and with remarkable clearness of utterance. Even I could gather that his subject was the Crucifixion, and the contrasting behaviour of the two thieves. The sonorous word "*Paradiso*" went rolling and echoing down the long nave, and the sun came out suddenly, and woke the sleeping jewels in the tall windows, till their glory seemed to bring Paradise very near.

. . . . . .

There may be a more beautiful drive than that over the mountains from León to Oviedo, but I can hardly think it. The Michelin tourist maps, admirable guides and counsellors, indicate authoritatively the relative merits of routes by varying colours. Green lines beside a road assure the *Turista* of scenery worth seeing, and the

road that we were to travel was firmly green throughout its length. It was also, as we found, of an excellent surface. Henry buzzed cheerfully along its gradually ascending slopes, and soon the Picos d'Europa shot up into view, a startlingly jagged outline, gleaming with snow, though cowslips and hawthorn were sweet round us. The far-stretching red-and-green plain still lay on our right, but on the left the country began to have a moorish touch. I remember at one point a great expanse of heather and grass, and on it one of those strange composite herds of horses and mules and donkeys that is one of the features of these northern provinces, all grazing together as quietly as sheep, in charge of a single watcher.

Presently we began to slip downhill, and the landscape changed. The road ran along a valley beside a stormy muddy river. Hills rose on either side; broad black stains on their faces told that we were getting into the region of the coal and iron mines. We passed through La Robla, a frontier town of the mountain country, and faced the heights. It was a long climb, up which we were accompanied intermittently by the railway-line from León to Oviedo, and almost all the way by the rushing river, whose muddy complexion gradually improved, while its self-importance dwindled until, near the high pass which is called the Gate of the Bird—the presumption, I suppose, being that nothing without wings could attain to it,—its strong stream had become a faint trickle, stealing across a little green patch of rough pasture, hardly noticeable. The road, as is the way also with Irish mountain roads, plodded upwards with unimaginative directness, but the way of the train was as incalculable to us as was the way of a serpent upon a rock to King Solomon. It was a line staggering in its improbability; only conceivable as the creation of an engineer-genius, planned during an attack of delirium tremens. At times the little train would toil soberly beside us, hand in hand, as it were, with our good Henry. Then, when we neared one of the black pit-heads, it would forsake our company as if for ever, hiding itself among grimy mine buildings and mounds of refuse, only, in a few moments, to bewilder us by coming again into view, high overhead, running swiftly along the face of a horrific cliff, like a fly on a window-pane, until, plunging down a desperate gradient, it would dart, squealing hysterically, into the black mouth of a tunnel. Later, it would reappear far away, still squealing, to scurry across a slender bridge, and vanish once more into the bowels of another mountain. We wondered what were the emotions of its passengers. For our parts, we were thankful for Henry.

Up at the Gate of the Bird the snow was deep on the road.

We were nearly 10,000 feet above sea-level, and winter was in full power still. From the pass down to Oviedo the descent is, I should imagine, as extreme a matter as any car could, with decency, be asked to tackle. Henry crept down perpendicular hairpins with the caution of a good old hunter in what, in the County Cork, we call a "cross place." From hairpin to hairpin were only the shortest possible intervals; always on one hand a sheer precipice of illimitable depth, on the other a stark mountain-side that made the narrow road seem narrower. But the view, the outlook over that gorgeous valley, was such as to cause oblivion of the most perilous hairpin. All was on so stupendous a scale; the wide, misty green depths of the valley, divided by a thread of silver that was a river; the superb mountains on the farther side, tossing upwards, like waves frozen at the height of storm, range beyond range, in every subtle shade of green and purple and blue, till their crests foamed into silver against the sky. To one person at least it was a revelation of what mountains can be, and the Alps and the Pyrenees, with their cloaks of fir-trees, will come second for me to the bare splendour of Cantabria.

We went down and down, endlessly; giddy with incessant turnings on the very lip of the precipice, tired with the inevitable mental strain of such a descent. Oviedo—that was our goal—played hide-and-seek with us; its lights sometimes showing far below through a gap in the mountains, then lost to us as though they had never been. Daylight failed, and Henry had an attack of staggers, from fatigue, no doubt, and for what seemed a long time of steepness and darkness combined, his poise was lost and his nerve shaken, and his response to the wheel was far from reassuring. It was half-past nine, and quite dark, when we arrived at the outskirts of the town, and it was considerably later when, at last, after many misdirections and vain searchings, we found ourselves at the door of the Hotel Covadonga. The Spanish dinner-hour favours belated motorists, and the table d'hôte dinner had but just begun; and if I hereby give the Hotel Covadonga a free advertisement for good food and great comfort, it is no more than it deserves.

. . . . . .

Having now formed something of a palate for cathedrals, I may say with confidence (and with Baedeker) that the Cathedral of Oviedo's architecture is mostly pure Gothic in style, and its elegant open-work spire is a marvel of boldness and grace. (I have omitted inverted commas, and must admit that the adjectives are the selection of Karl.) Bold and graceful though it is, I put it third to León's first and Burgos's second; but this is to run in very high company. Oviedo could hold its own with

many churches of greater renown, and it possesses a *retablo*, carven and golden, that only differs in splendour from the *retablo* of Santa Ana at Burgos as one star differs from another in glory.

It was calm and sunny and mild when we took the road again next morning fairly early. Henry had been restored to perfect health, and we ran pleasantly through blossoming country straight for Gijon, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay. A pause there for lunch—which in Northern Spain is a serious matter, involving six or seven courses,—and on again through pastoral country along a road that dropped to the shore now and then, giving lovely glimpses of little coves, with the waters of the terrible Bay sliding back and forth over their yellow sands, a mere thin skim of bright blue, edged with white, gentle as doves.

We ran, all too quickly (nothing short of stunning him with an iron bar will induce any motor driver to go slow enough to permit his helpless passengers to enjoy scenery), through an enchanting little town, Riba de Sella, built on what is a combination of a long sea creek and a river, in a corner where the mountains come crowding down to the sea; a little town ignored by Baedeker, but none the less charming, and then we headed for the hills again.

And here it was that the prosperity of the day began to wane. The sun went in, a chill wind blew, and our staid Henry, who had hitherto held unswervingly the crown of the road, began to falter in his going, and to swerve erratically and with violence from one side of the way to the other. The road had turned nasty again. It was cut out of the face of the mountain, and was narrow and steep, hog-backed, with blind corners, and with no protection of any sort on its outer edge, from which the grassy hillside fell away at a gradient with which only a snail or a limpet could compete. These being the conditions, to hold the centre of the road was clearly indicated. Yet at intervals, that ever became more frequent, Henry would swerve to the outer verge, with a lurching swing that made his passengers sit very still, holding what they believed would be their last breath, until an equally immoderate swoop to the inner side of the road suggested the alternative disaster of crashing into a telegraph post. These eccentricities were sufficiently unpleasant on the up-grade, but when it came, as soon it did, to the descent to the coast again, and the road fell from under us ever faster, and the hairpins became ever more acute, and Henry's antics grew proportionately more alarming, we felt that there is a limit beyond which endurance becomes imbecility.

"*Despacio!*" (Go gently!) the leader of the expedition commanded, with growing emphasis as each horrid hairpin

was approached, and for a few corners the swoops would cease. Suddenly, however, there ensued a series of lurches, any one of which left but six inches between us and destruction, and it was obvious that for us that limit of endurance had been reached. The car was stopped. Its owner, her thoughts gathering darkly about the possibilities afforded by lunch at Gijon, demanded of Mauro, the chauffeur, an explanation. Mauro the chauffeur, a silent young Spaniard, whose driving and conduct had hitherto been beyond reproach, regarded his inquisitor with haggard eyes, and said, going straight to the point, "Señorita, it is not what you think!"

"Then," said the Señorita unyieldingly, "what is it?"

The explanation that ensued was as sufficient as it was, in retrospect, alarming. Briefly stated, Mauro had been falling asleep. A long day yesterday—a night with a friend at the theatre in Oviedo—in short, since we had left Riba de Sella, the agonies of uncontrollable sleep had overwhelmed him.

"Then I shall drive!" announced the Señorita, and the shaking hearts of her companions steadied and their spirits rose, the Señorita being a driver tried and trusted.

But, in the end, this humiliation was not inflicted upon the penitent. The Señorita gave him a half-hour's grace, a little wood by the roadside gave him shelter, and very soon long-drawn luxurious snores told us that he was making the best of both. We, for our parts, drank tea, and felt better, and reserved a specially potent draught for the slumberer. Tea in Spain is regarded by such as Mauro as a herbaceous drink, unpalatable, but of some medicinal value. The patient drank what he was given humbly, even gratefully; it looked black enough to have kept him awake for a month. As to this we were indifferent; the main point was gained in that it murdered sleep for him until he had driven us safely into San Vicente de la Barquera.

San Vicente is a small and ancient seaport, built on a space between a river and the sea, that would be an island were it not for two very long bridges that keep it in touch with the world. It consists practically of one long arcaded street, with shops hiding in the dark arches, all containing precisely the same collection of articles that no one could possibly wish to buy (which at once made me feel that I was again at home in the south of Ireland). At one end of the village is a hill, crowned with a deep tall grove of eucalyptus trees, at the other a tremendous cliff towers above the river, with cottages stuck away, like sea-birds' nests, into its crannies, and a long line of the ruins of some castle or monastery high up on its landward side. On its summit stands a huge thirteenth-century church, out of all proportion to the present size of the village,

sombre and impressive, with crusaders' tombs, rich with carving, sunk in its walls. Outside the church a different resting-place had been given to, I suppose, the brothers of the Order who once had ruled there. In a half-ruined wall were a row of round holes, very smooth inside, rather like wasps' nests. Mortar was close round them; there was nothing save these empty broken shells to show that this half-ruined wall was, even as the great church itself, a place of sepulture.

We had stabled ourselves in the chief—I think the only—hotel, the Hotel Miramar. It was clean and airy, and moderate in its charges, but the dinner provided was rather too intrinsically *du pays* (it began with a semi-solid soup, made apparently of chocolate, on a fundamental basis of oil flavoured with garlic, the *pièce de résistance* being partially-cooked goat) to dispose us to risk lunch.

Early next morning we started on the homeward road, and Henry set his bonnet for Ontaneda. We were now in the dairy province of Santandér, a beautiful province of green mountain pastures, all spangled with the brilliant black-and-white of those decorative dairy cattle that in Spain are called Dutch, and in our own country are known as British Friesians. That night we slept at Ontaneda, which now is a small village, but intends to develop its sulphur springs, and to become a fashionable *Ville des Eaux* when the new railway from Burgos is completed. The following evening, in a deluge of thunder rain, we splashed into Burgos. Our holiday over, I headed for England into the heart of the Great Strike.

I am penetrated by a conviction of the absence of all useful information from these notes. I can only advise any one who may contemplate a trip to Spain not to be deterred by anything that I have said, remembering that it is the difficulties and disasters of a journey that make the prosperity of its narrator. For my part, I can understand George Borrow's enthusiasm when, as he says, "Eager to arrive in old chivalrous Spain, I splashed through the brook that marked the frontier, and cried in ecstasy, '*Santiago y cierra España!*'" (which my dictionary translates, non-committally, as "a war-whoop of the ancient Spaniards").

"QUOTS."

BY T. A. POWELL.

A FEW months before the Great War started, the affairs of Mexico were in an even greater tangle than is usual with that distressful country. A new President was at the head of the State, having disposed of his predecessor by assassination — the recognised method in Mexico,—and the United States had suddenly decided that such malpractices could not be tolerated, at any rate in their own particular continent.

A large American fleet had assembled off Vera Cruz, and the Mexicans had been ordered to salute the Stars and Stripes by 8 A.M. on a certain day. No salute was forthcoming. The Mexicans did not see the point of burning powder in honour of the U.S.A.; besides, it is doubtful if they possessed a saluting battery or gun's crew capable of manning one. There were said to be some old wall pieces on the ruined fort of St Juan de Alloa, left there by Sir Francis Drake as being obsolete, but the army had all retired up the line, according to plan, which was really the best thing they could have done. The Mexicans were given twenty-four hours' grace, and told to fire the salute by 8 A.M. the following day. As there was still no result, the Americans landed a force of marines to seize the Customs. Some irregulars fired on them as they landed, and "franc-tireurs," both male and female, shot at them from windows and church towers as they marched through the streets of the town. This gave the force an excuse for retaliation, and there was a certain amount of bloodshed on both sides.

Most of the Great Powers were represented at Vera Cruz, and we had three or four cruisers in the bay. My ship was anchored a long way from the shore, so we couldn't see the fighting, which was annoying, as we had nothing to do and were not allowed to land. There were great discussions in the mess as to whether the force should have landed or not. Lawrence's 'International Law,' an exhaustive work, written by a parson, was eagerly read by the disputants, though up to that date it had never left the shelves of the ship's library. According to the Reverend Lawrence, the Americans had been in the wrong ever since their arrival off Vera Cruz; but, after all, international law chiefly applies to the weaker side, as was proved so forcibly during the ensuing years.

The situation at Vera Cruz and other places had exasperated the Mexicans, who are

not a very tolerant race at the best of times, and they began to feel that foreigners were getting too thick on the ground. When they drift into that train of thought, anything may happen, and various atrocities occurred all over the country. They were on the whole very friendly with our countrymen, though some of their more ardent patriots fired several British oil-wells in a spirit of lightheartedness. Though proficient in all forms of violence, they seem to have a special flair for arson, especially in the case of the oil-wells, where with the expenditure of a single match they achieved results which lasted for weeks and months.

While the American fleet remained at Vera Cruz it was thought necessary, in case of trouble, to spread out the ships of other nations up and down the coast to safeguard foreign interests. Our admiral, as senior officer, arranged this distribution. His flagship remained at Vera Cruz, so did the Frenchman, who liked the place, and had unaccountably developed an engine defect—"My machines are not well," as he expressed it. My ship was sent to Coatzacoalcos—hereinafter called "Quots"—on a river of the same name, a small seaport 150 miles down the coast.

We had spent the winter months at an island renowned as a haunt of invalid New Yorkers who wish to avoid the blizzards which sweep their home-town. Here, tired hostesses go out to grass after a surfeit of freak dinner-parties, while their young do a little mild yachting and tennis to keep them fit for the nightly dances in the big hotels. One of these shameless establishments, by the way, had mentioned in a circular, "British officers attend our dances regularly." One of my messmates was an inveterate "lounge lizard"; his pulse quickened at the thought of a tea-party, and a one-step meant more to him than much fine gold. I had never received proper training in these accomplishments, so I looked out for his duty during our stay, and he agreed to do the same for me while the ship was cruising. I hoped for much at Quots.

We came into harbour early one morning, having had a glorious but momentary glimpse of the summit of San Felipe, a snow-capped volcano over a hundred miles inland, lit up rose-pink by the first rays of dawn. The river had been in flood, and tangled strips of matted vegetation, logs, and drowned animals floated past the ship even before we could see the low coast-line above the horizon. As we entered the river we had to force our way through a green undulating carpet of lush water-plants, where the floating islands had jammed together at the narrow entrance.

We anchored, bows up-river, and secured our stern to a buoy in mid-stream, to ensure

that we should not swing in towards the near bank on the turn of the tide. A motley crowd of mixed breeds assembled on the river bank to greet us, and the British and German Consuls came on board to discuss the situation ashore. They told us that there was some anxiety amongst the foreigners, and asked if we could house them in case of necessity.

We started straight away to partition off the upper-deck, allowing so much space for each nationality. We had six distinct races represented, including Japanese and Jews, who were packed alongside each other on the battery-deck. A thunderstorm occurred about two o'clock on the first night. It blew very hard, and sheets of water poured through gaps in the awning, while lightning lit up the harrowing scene. Children squalled and mothers comforted in six different tongues, the canvas partition between the "Jappery" and the Ghetto carried away, while the babies and baggage of both parties got hopelessly mixed up in the darkness. I well remember the sight of the leader of the Japs, a sturdy explosive little man in cotton shorts, organising his adherents, women and youths in dripping kimonos, while they rebuilt their snuggery, assisted by a delighted petty officer and myself.

Refugees, as a rule, seem to give more "hostages unto Fortune" than ordinary folk, and our guests were no exception; there were numbers of children in the crawling stage, but we were disappointed that there were no baptisms to enter in the ship's log. Another cruiser up the coast was much luckier, and if they have survived the numerous dangers incident to childhood in Mexico, there are several little twelve-year-old girls in the Tampico district glorying in the name of "Hermione."

The view of Quots from the ship was not prepossessing. The dusty, squalid, little collection of houses and mud cabins had no *raison d'être* except that it marked the terminus of a railway to Mexico City, and boasted a jetty where deep-draught tankers could fill up from a pipe-line led to an oil refinery at Minatitlan, twenty miles up the river. The country round, however, proved to be interesting in the extreme, and I found the days all too short to explore the neighbourhood properly. There were lagoons where crocodiles basked with their snouts just out of water, while parrots and laughing jackasses hurled insults at each other from trees crowned with gay-coloured orchids, and covered with flowering creepers. Outside the harbour tarpon, kingfish, and barracouda were waiting to be caught, while, some five miles inland, there were open park-like spaces where one could gallop on springy turf through forest glades, where gorgeous butterflies and humming-birds darted

from blossom to blossom in the dazzling sunlight.

Quots at this time was an important military post. The general commanding the troops was a tall fine-looking man in splendid uniform and superlative moustachios. As is so often the case, however, with Latin-Americans, the classical contour of his features was sadly marred by a permanent three days' growth of thick black stubble, which he had omitted to remove even on the occasion of his first official visit, soon after our arrival. We greeted him with a marine guard, and the band played the Mexican anthem. He then was taken down to the captain's cabin and given an egg cocktail, which included all the more potent liqueurs in the wine store. During a life spent largely in wine-shops—he was living in one at the time—he had never tasted anything which approached so nearly to his conception of true nectar. He had another cocktail, and then made a long rambling speech about "Libertad"—one of the commonest words in the Mexican language, though the commodity itself is almost non-existent. He finished by saying that Mexico and England had always been the firmest of friends, and that he would help to ensure the fact by calling again next day.

So as to be nearer to his new friends, the general shifted headquarters to a disused covered railway truck on a siding opposite the ship, where he led an uncomfortable but polygamous existence during the remainder of our stay. The forenoon visits became of daily occurrence, and as soon as the officer of the watch saw the door of the truck open and the blinking visage of the "competent military authority" appear in the glaring light of day, he would send word to the captain's steward to start collecting ingredients for the general's posset. The result of this *entente spiritueuse* was that we got on without any friction ashore, and any suggestions tactfully made by our captain to the general or the "Jefe Politico," as to the treatment of foreigners, were agreed to, after they had demurred long enough to ensure no loss of dignity.

We fitted out a tug to help at a port farther down the coast, and also arranged for the embarkation at Quots of two trainloads of women and children from Mexico City. There was some difficulty over the latter proceeding, as the general would not at first allow the American transport into harbour. Our captain, however, promised to cover her with the ship's broadside during her stay—in case she showed fight, and I was sent with a party of *fifty men* to prevent the Americans from landing, and to help the refugees—altogether a most ludicrous affair. The women and children can hardly have appreciated the humour of the situation, as they had spent two days in a

Mexican train in tropical heat, and then been packed like sardines on the upper-deck of an already overcrowded transport, in which they spent another two days of foul weather before they reached an American port.

Early one morning a lone cow strayed on to the railway-line near the army headquarters. Out of the blue appeared an engine driven full speed astern by an excited Mexican. I do not know if he noticed the cow; probably he did, and saw an opportunity for satisfying a latent craving for bloodshed. Anyhow, there was a loud thud, and the cow fell dead in front of the general's front door. Almost before the poor beast had come to rest, small black specks detached themselves from the roofs of the distant houses, and within five minutes the carcase was covered with a black, struggling, croaking mass of vultures. They remained there all day, despite the attentions of our amateur photographers, who hoped to wring a few shillings from the illustrated papers. During a long muggy night, with an off-shore breeze, those of us who had cabins on the starboard side had ample time to regret the fact, and next morning the interpreter wrote a polite little note to the general asking if he would object to the carcase being removed. Our friend, whose olfactory nerve was possibly defective, gave orders for the engine to return and remove the beast, though, as he said, "I have noticed nothing myself, but I would do anything to oblige the English!"

About this time we had a death on board. We had to keep steam at short notice, as we might at any time have to proceed to some other port. The heat in the boiler-rooms, unrelieved by a breath of fresh air from the sagging windsails, had risen to 130°. Stoker Pollit went ashore at five o'clock after a four-hour watch down below. He had been paid that day, and within ten minutes of landing he was outside two bottles of Budweiser—the beer that made Milwaukee famous. This treatment he continued during the afternoon, and it was harmless enough; but as the time for returning on board drew near, and he found that he still had a large proportion of his pay left, he turned his attention to the more expensive fluids, such as aguardiente and spurious rye-whisky. On his way down to the boat he strayed into some long grass, and with that *abandon* for which libertymen are notorious, feeling very hot, he took off his clothes and lay down on them. The patrol found him about eleven P.M., and brought him on board. A poor physique, due to starved childhood, long weeks of work in a baking stokehold, aguardiente and a chill—what chance had the poor little man? The following night, still shovelling coal in his delirium, he finally decided that a change to a place where

the temperature was about the same and where the stoking would be done for him was worth trying—so he died.

I had turned out before dawn, and spent three hours with a gun in a dug-out canoe. I returned about eight o'clock, much bitten by mosquitoes, but two duck to the good. I was told of the stoker's death, and that one of the five lieutenants would have to go in charge of the funeral party. After breakfast we foregathered in the smoking casemate, and after a hard-fought game of whisky-poker, I lost three "lives," and had to take charge of the funeral party. I had always managed to dodge a service burial up to date, and I found myself very rusty about the drill. The "shellbacks" of the mess, always helpful to the younger members, had repeated all that they knew of the mediæval musketry exercises: "On arriving at the cemetairy, mortuairy, morgoo, dead'ouse, or whatnot, the corteege will 'alt; . . . assoom a melancholy attitude, and 'ang their 'eads." The gunnery officer, a precise person, disapproved of this picturesque wording, and lent me an up-to-date drill-book, with the help of which we rehearsed the afternoon programme.

After lunch we landed in two cutters, and mustered ankle-deep in the hot sandy dust; then, with the band leading, we marched along to the cemetery. Soon we heard the blare of trumpets, and out of a cloud of dust appeared a party of Mexican troops. Their intentions were peaceable, and they asked leave to march behind our men. I halted the procession, and the Mexicans took their place in the line. Fearful-looking fellows they were, incredibly dirty, with villainous pock-marked faces, and wearing uniforms of different patterns like pyjamas. Some had boots lashed on with strips of cloth, and others had bare feet. In spite of his appearance, I have heard that for marching and fighting a Mexican soldier has few equals in the world if properly led, while his vitality when sick or wounded passes belief.

We stumbled on through the baking sand with the sun right overhead. The brass band wheezed out the "Dead March," and the inhabitants of Quots, adults and children, on hearing the music, left their siesta and joined the column, laughing and chattering excitedly. Halfway to our destination we passed the slaughter-house, which had been working overtime since the arrival in port of 600 British beef-eaters. Here, scratching hopefully in the sand, were the local vultures in full strength, this being their usual rendezvous unless there were a big job on hand elsewhere. As we approached, a little drama caught my eye. The birds, after much search, had found a real treasure buried in the sand. I am no student of anatomy, but the thing was long and elastic, and it can

have been of little intrinsic value or the Mexicans would have taken it. There were three vultures a side, and the tug-of-war was evenly contested, when a big light-hearted dog, bald and scrofulous, entered the picture, and, seizing the treasure, bounded off with it, rolling both teams in the dust. Then all the vultures rose noisily into the air, and came over to join our party. Like the people of Athens, they were always ready for a new sensation, and they hovered inquisitively over the coffin. The whole thing was most gruesome and unreal. The sound of marching feet was muffled by the thick dust, and all one heard was the rattle of the gun-carriage and the creaking of wings as the loathsome birds wheeled about over our heads. When we arrived at the cemetery ten minutes later they pushed and fought for the best positions on the mud boundary wall, from which they could view the rest of the entertainment. Through the British Consul we had arranged for a six-feet grave, according to regulations. The local gravedigger had never heard of such a thing, but after some bribery and being watched by the ship's carpenter, he had made a very creditable pit, not regular in shape, but deep and with fairly good sides considering the sandy nature of the soil. Lest the sides should crumble away, boards had been laid round the edge. The chaplain, limp and fagged after his long tramp, took his stand on the edge of the planks, and with eyes closed repeated the Burial Service to the accompaniment of chattering children and croaking vultures. Being in charge of the material side of the ceremony, I noticed that the edge of the grave was starting to fall in. The gunner's mate and I dragged the startled padre to safety, and the service continued. We had to be very careful when lowering the departed, as the side was still crumbling, and just before the end of the service the tenant of the next plot paid us a short visit, suddenly appearing through the partition. He was only about three feet down, and didn't boast a box of any kind, so we were very glad when an avalanche occurred and he was hidden from view, joining Stoker Pollit in his last resting-place. Luckily the padre didn't see the incident.

The boy bugler sounded the "Last Post," and the marine firing-party fired the salute over the poor fellow's grave. At the first volley the Mexican element of the congregation took to their heels, and, leaping the gravestones, steeplechased across the cemetery. Except for an occasional execution—always a red-letter day at Quots—they had not heard musketry since a party of sportsmen had shot up the town after an evening in a wine-shop; and though no body of men could look less like desperadoes than our phlegmatic

marine firing-party, yet the spectators didn't want to take any unnecessary risks. Leaving some messmates to put flowers on the grave, and fit up a teak-wood cross with a brass plate, made by the Maltese shipwright, we fell in, formed fours, and marched away, while the band, according to drill, played a tune "cheerful but subdooed—cheerful because he's gone to a better 'ome, and subdooed because 'e ain't paid 'is mess-bill."

Next day I went for a long solitary ride. Suddenly out of the forest appeared two fierce-looking horsemen, clad in leather breeches and gigantic sombreros, and literally festooned with cutlery. With much gesture they accused me of being an accursed Gringo. Now a Gringo is, I believe, the name given to any English-speaking man in Latin America, but in this district it had come to mean an inhabitant of U.S.A. So I hastily and passionately denied the impeachment. My knowledge of their language, except for a few odd words, consisted of one sentence only —"Refrain from putting garlic in the omelette," and this had so far proved adequate for my humble needs in Spain and Central America. Now, face to face with two bloodthirsty patriots bursting with "libertad," my favourite phrase could hardly serve any useful purpose, and might indeed tend to infuriate the gentlemen. I haltingly explained that I was "Inglese, mucho amigo," and made several ingratiating remarks in pidgin-English, then pointed to the cruiser's masts and funnels, which fortunately showed up over a fold in the hills. I was relieved to find that this satisfied them, though they were obviously very much disappointed. To clinch the matter, I said, "Viva el Presidente Huerta," whereat they laughed scornfully and rode away.

Two of our cadets were not so fortunate. Taking them for American citizens, a Mexican picket arrested them, and sent them off to a guard-house twenty kilometres up the line. The German Consul, who had just come off with a boatload of bottled Munich beer from a Nordeutscher Lloyd, brought us the news the same evening. The general was nowhere to be found. Headquarters hazarded a suggestion that he might be in a wine-shop, as he frequently felt thirsty at that time of day, and to one of these establishments he was eventually traced, where he was carousing with some of our petty officers. With great difficulty the matter was explained to him, and he said, "Leave it to me. They shall be set free at once." Telephones and messengers, both equally unreliable, failed to achieve the desired result, and when next morning the general was about to come on board, our captain took a firm stand in the matter, and said that he was not to set foot in the

ship until the two cadets had been returned unharmed.

The loss of his forenoon cocktail fully brought home to the general the gravity of the situation, and he started to make things hum ashore. By 4 P.M. the two cadets were brought down to the landing-place, having marched the whole way back. Their escort had amused themselves by playfully discharging their rifles behind the ears of the prisoners. When our cutter appeared at the steps to embark the wretched youths, there was a distinctly hostile movement on the part of the crowd. In the ordinary course of events, if the soldiers brought in prisoners under escort, a most delightful execution might be expected, and here were these two detestable young "grin-gos" being sent off unharmed to the "acorazado." It was most unfair.

The general wrote an abject apology—no one regretted more than he the dreadful though unintentional insult to his dear friends, the British. He would most certainly consider it his duty to have the two officers responsible for the outrage shot the next day.

With great regret I left my ship that afternoon to come home for a course, which, owing to the war, never materialised, so I missed the end of the comedy. Ten years afterwards, however, I met one of our two "prisoners," now captain of a submarine.

"Did the old general shoot those two fellows?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "The skipper sent ashore and told the old bird that he didn't want the *entente* spoilt by a lot of unnecessary gore, and that he would be quite satisfied if the two officers responsible would come off and apologise. They came on board looking very sheepish, as they fully expected that the execution would take place there instead of ashore. The skipper sent word to say that we two were to deal with them personally. They were really quite nice blokes, and about two hours afterwards we carried them out—they were not used to gun-room hospitality!"

It is a regrettable fact, but it cannot be denied, that there are times when The Bottle plays a large part in cementing the friendship between two warm-hearted countries!

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

CADGERS—THE BENEFICENT LEADERSHIP OF MR COOK—ROBBING THE POOR—THE APPEAL OF SOME DIVINES—RUSSIA AND THE COMMUNISTS—MR BY-ENDS—'FALSE DAWN'—"DEFEATISM"—THE AMERICAN REBELLION—LORD ELGIN AND THE TREASURES OF THE PARTHENON.

THERE was a time when Englishmen took a pride in their independence of spirit. They would not, if they could help it, be beholden to anybody. They believed that if a man would not work neither should he eat. It was for them a dire disgrace to accept parish relief; a sojourn at the workhouse set an indelible taint upon all save professional tramps; and even they would enter the place, which seemed in their eyes worse than a prison, only in the last extremity of need. And now all is changed. The working men of England, the mass of them, have become cadgers.

They will cadge anywhere and for anything. They have discovered that it is easier to look on at life than to live. Like spectators at a football match, they take pleasure in the violent exertion of others. And everything has been made easy for them. The dole is to be had for the asking by those who believe that they should be rewarded for the mere act of breathing. They care not that they live upon the toil of others. Nor are they ever disqualified from the privileges of citizenship by their mendicancy. They vote at elections like the industrious ones whom they fleece, and they vote with the greater zest for their accomplices, the guardians, because they know that if they return their friends, they will receive a bigger tip at the end of the week. Indeed, that their dole, and the wages of their pals who condescend to do a little light unskilled work, may continue to rise, they will sit, still supported by public funds, upon Boards of Guardians themselves! Now at last they have foolishly gone beyond the limits of reason. They have exhausted the patience of those who are not work-shy. They have made ridiculous their claim to extra money, based upon mere incompetence. The sad case of West Ham, which has made itself bankrupt, because it insisted upon rewarding, with ever-soaring pay, the idle and incompetent, has revealed to the miserable ratepayers an evil which would in time have ruined us all, and a wise decision will presently put an end to the depredations of greedy guardians and their boards.

But it is the miners who,

under the beneficent leadership of Mr Cook, have converted cadging into a fine art. There is no one from whom they will not accept alms. They care not whether their benefactors are rich or poor. It's their money they want, and they will demand their money on any pretext and with tireless assiduity. If, as they pretend, the large sums which come to them from Russia are subscribed by the working miners of that country, then their meanness is unparalleled. For they know well that the miners of Russia work for a fraction of the pay which the English miners reject with scorn, and for far longer hours than our miners would ever dream of working. It is notorious, also, that the miners of Russia live in conditions of hopeless misery; and for well-fed, well-paid, comfortably-housed Englishmen to accept the money wrung from starving ill-treated Russians is a dastardly piece of meanness from which their fathers would have shrunk in horror. The case is not made better if the money came to the hands of Mr Cook and his colleagues from the Government of the Soviet. Were it not spent in buying, as the Russians fondly hope it is buying, the disaffection of the English miners and the ruin of the English mines, it might be usefully employed in alleviating the misery of the poor Russians who work for as long as they are told to work, and who pocket the pittance which their taskmasters fling to them with a meek and timid subservience. However, Mr Cook and the rest are indifferent to the sufferings of others, and, secure in the enjoyment of higher pay and shorter hours than any of their fellow-workers in any other country of Europe, demand impudently the alms of Russia or Germany, that they may keep up a standard of life, according to their saying, to which the rest cannot hope to attain. There is no more to be said than that, if the miners of England choose to accept the money of those infinitely poorer than themselves, they are a shame to the fathers who begat them, and to the proud traditions of the country in which they were born.

Unhappily, those who should teach them a wiser lesson of independence add their voices to the swollen chorus of beggary. Bishop Gore, the Bishop of Manchester, and other divines did not scruple some time since to make an appeal for the assistance of America. "Women and children need all help possible"—this is the message they sent by cable across the Atlantic. "Warmly recommend appeal to Christians in America." For this dishonourable and dishonouring mendicancy there can be no excuse. In the first place, the women and children, whose husbands and fathers are forbidden by Mr Cook to support them, are not in want. They are fed as well as or better than they were before

work ceased in the mines. In the same newspaper which printed the telegram of the bishops, it was stated, on the authority of the official inspectors, that "there is evidence from all parts of the country to the effect that the needs of the children are being adequately met by the various local authorities whose duty it is to make the necessary provision." The bishops, then, not only begged unnecessarily, but they gave, wantonly, a bad impression of England's character to a not too friendly nation. In other words, they attempted to do a superfluous good, and achieved only a positive evil. What came of their piece of cadging we do not know—nothing, let us hope. But they implied to the world that England was incapable of bringing help to starving women and children, or unwilling to discharge this elementary duty. And when they next ask themselves why the Church does not achieve all that it might achieve for the benefit of the country, let them find the answer in their own frivolous conduct: they interfere far too often in matters of which they have no understanding, like the busybodies that they are, and merely to feed their own egoism cast slurs upon England which all men know to be undeserved.

The worst of accepting aid from the Russians is that they who accept benefits must do what they are told to do in return. They must pay the piper who call the tune. Now, the Russians have not merely purchased want and disorder by the money which they have sent to Mr Cook; they have for some years helped to support the Communist Party, which lives for and by making attacks upon the land wherein they were born, and which gives them the protection necessary to the carrying out of their wicked schemes. The Communist Papers, lately printed in a Blue Book, disclose a state of affairs which would disgust all save traitors. But shameless traitors are all those who profit by the money and the experience of the Bolsheviks. From Moscow they receive their orders in meekness of spirit, these men who know not the meaning of obedience when it is exacted to the laws of their land, who think it not disgraceful to learn the lessons taught to them by the unspeakable Bela Kun, a bloodthirsty monster, who has lived, and no doubt still lives, by the shedding of innocent blood. To Moscow they appeal for the money which they assert Moscow has promised them, and has failed to pay. On every page of the Blue Book the Bolsheviks assume the tone of masters; they tell the English Communists what they are to do and to think; the gospel of Lenin is preached to our poor, silly, helpless conspirators, who are hired by men far cleverer and more bitterly unscrupulous than themselves, in a tone of exigence and contempt. The English amateurs

of treachery are criticised with a despising patronage. They are told where their journals fail, and why their policy of propaganda is practically useless. The illiterate conspirators of Russia bid them come hither and go thither, as though they were slaves, whom it was not worth while to conciliate or to address with politeness. The "dear comrades" are ordered to do as they are told with scant ceremony. "We urge you once more," say the harsh taskmasters, "to let us have a detailed letter of your work. We are still waiting for your proposals." This or that *must* be done. The Executive sends "the following instructions for the elections." There must be "fraternisation of soldiers and workers." "Campbell should issue another manifesto to the soldiers and sailors." On every page you hear the tone of command which, you reflect with a certain satisfaction, is imperfectly obeyed by the terrified followers of Lenin, who hide themselves in the holes and corners of London.

That the Bolsheviks have not reaped the harvest of revolution in England, of which they have industriously sown the seeds, is true enough. Their failure does not make their crime any the less, nor does it mitigate one jot the gross treachery of the English Communists. There is no evil which they would not commit, the English Communists, if they had the power. Their intention has always been mischievous. And they should be condemned for this intention, in which they have not succeeded, as severely as if they had done all the harm for which they had hoped. The reception of the Communist Papers by the Labour Party in the House of Commons proved how far the poison of revolution has been spread in this country. The bourgeois members of the Labour Party, such as Messrs Ponsonby and MacDonald, have not a word of indignation to spare against the Russians who are carrying on a secret propaganda in England. They abate nothing of their friendship for these enemies of our country. They still profess a blind faith in the prosperity which is going to emerge some day from the bulging corn-bins. They seem to feel no shame for the miscreants, their friends at one remove, who accept in eager humbleness the money and the advice of Russia. For Mr Lloyd George the Blue Book was a mere matter for jesting, a vindication of the Labour Party. He complained that it contained no attack upon the Home Secretary, that it expressed contempt merely for Mr Ramsay MacDonald and "that hypocrite Lansbury," and so saying proved that he understood the situation not at all—did he ever understand a situation?—and that the crime of Russian interference was no crime, because it was ineffective. He forgets how small was Lenin's beginning.

Nor do we know yet—probably we shall never know—the communications which have passed between the Soviet and the more respectable members of our Labour Party. But communications, at various times, there must have been. It is not yet forgotten that there was a time when even our so-called "moderate" members of the Labour Party had hopes of establishing Soldiers' and Workers' Councils here in England, and when they threatened "direct action" on Russia's behalf. Did no letters, then, pass between them and the masters whom they wished to imitate? And has Russia exchanged no thoughts with Mr Cook, the humble follower of Lenin? Have the Soviets made no engagements with the man who has done more to further their nefarious schemes than all the professed Communists in London? Did the handsome cheques, of which Mr Cook is proud, come unaccompanied by terms or explanations? The Russians are not philanthropists. Philanthropy they denounce as "ideological" nonsense; and we refuse to believe that the men whose hands are stained with blood, and who take a pride in their Tcheka, care a penny-piece for the women and children of somebody else's miners. However, the secret relations which hold together Mr Cook and the Russian followers of Lenin are as yet unrevealed. If ever they are made public, they will surprise nobody.

The Bolsheviks have left the mark of a dirty finger upon all that they have touched. And English Trade Unionism will not recover its health or its spirit until it purifies itself from all contact with Russia. The Trade Unions of England must remain English, or they will surely perish. If they had left one brave and honest leader who could lead them back to sanity and patriotism, they might still be saved. No brave and honest leader is in sight. Who could trust Mr Thomas to perform this act of courage? Nobody who has any memory of his pitiable record. John Bunyan, whose insight into character was always clear, has drawn Mr Thomas most accurately under the name of Mr By-ends of Fair-speech. "I am become a gentleman of good quality," said Mr By-ends, "yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation." And thus he set forth his practice and belief. "'Tis true," said he, "we somewhat differ in Religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: first, we never strive against wind and tide; secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street; if the sun shines and the people applaud him." So Mr Thomas walked with the General Strike when it seemed to wear the silver slippers of success, and cast it

from him when it put on the hob-nails of failure. Then no words were too vehement with which to condemn it. He merely looked one way and rowed another, and he is not the man to save Trade Unionism from the foreign blight which lies upon it.

Yet Trade Unionism can be saved only by reviving the national spirit which once breathed within it. The working men once were, and must be again, masters in their own house. So long as they approach Russia with their caps in hand, begging now advice and now money, they will remain cadgers, and dangerous cadgers. Has their good sense, of old their eminent virtue, so pitifully deserted them that they believe that the Russians are eager to help them? The Russians want nothing but the destruction of England. They wish to see wholly disintegrated the Empire which stands in the way of their designs. And if once they saw Great Britain rolling down the hill of destruction, then would the prosperity of the British working man be as nothing to them. They would see to it that the Trade Unionists of England were made slaves, obedient to their knout. They would realise their ideal of making the legislative body the executive also, and the last rag of the only freedom worth having would be stripped from us. When that time comes even the arrogant and ignorant Mr Cook, the humble follower of Lenin, would be forced to confess himself duped, and would expiate in well-deserved misery the crimes which he had committed against his own country and his own class.

England has not been in the past apt for revolution. The English people, in spite of its leaders, still takes some pride in the traditions and the sports of their native land. Before a gang of foreigners brought to these shores its policy of hatred, the English people was content to work and to play as it had always played and worked. Above all, it prized its independence, and thought that he was an enemy who came to it with doles and bribes in its hands. It had a natural and a proper distrust of foreigners who thrust themselves into their houses and their workshops for no other purpose than to deceive them, and to make them the poor tools of rebellion. But we may no longer lull ourselves to sleep by thinking of the past. Greed and bad leadership have gradually changed for the worse the character of our working men. Before the war we had not much fear of the deadly curse that is called "internationalism." We preferred to fight out our battles with our own weapons and with our own good-humour. And now a new spirit of gloom and ill-temper seems to dominate us. The working men have learned the detestable lessons of class-hatred, and know not the danger to themselves and to their country

which lurks in this doctrine of the foreigner.

When the Communist Papers were published by the Government, they aroused no indignation in that part of the House of Commons which should have felt the quickest shame. The Labour members, relieved perhaps that their names were not found in the dingy pages, had little to say. Mr Lloyd George grew merry over the small sums which were asked of or given by the Russian patrons of Communism. If Mr George had known anything at all about the revolutions of the past, he would have known that they sprang one and all from small beginnings. Half a dozen men, with very little money in their pockets, may make a revolution. When the miserable Kerensky raised the banner of revolt in Russia, there were enough officers of the army in Moscow and St Petersburg to suppress the revolt and to protect the Emperor and his family. But they had lost faith in themselves, and though the General Strike has proved that England cannot yet be caught asleep, we have no right to believe that our immunity and our courage will endure for ever. In his acute and subtle analysis, 'False Dawn,' which we cordially recommend to all our readers, Al. Carthill does not minimise the danger of small assemblies. When two or three men, gathered together, meditate mischief, there is always a risk of subversion. "These extremists," says Al. Carthill, "cannot be neglected wholly on account of the insignificance of their number. That is the mistake all constituted authorities make. I believe the beginning of Czecho-Slovakia was the meeting in a certain room at Prague of five men. How many—I do not say Jacobins but Republicans—were there in the National Assembly? How many in Paris? How many in France?"

In the struggle that faces us to-day—the struggle between England and the Trade Unions—it is but a handful that is dangerous. We must not underrate the danger of that handful. The old-fashioned Trade Unionism need not keep us awake at night. But if we do not oppose with all our force the Trade Unionism that is subversive, then we shall lose all that we prize and possess. We can succeed only by brave leadership and by the wisdom which refuses to underrate the power of our adversaries because they are few in number. The leader who comes to our rescue, says Al. Carthill, "will be set a heavy task, but this task can be done, and if it is done, no leader will have merited more from his country." The task, indeed, is heavy, as the reward will be great. "It is no slight thing to save the liberties of the republic, to spare the effusion of kindred blood, to reanimate the energies of a falling nation"—again it is Al. Carthill who speaks. "Englishmen have died, and very gladly, for the

least of these. All this can be wrought by him who will have courage. But if there be delay and faint-heartedness and lack of clear vision, the favourable moment may pass, and the struggle, now certainly inevitable, will come at an unpropitious hour, some hour of deadly peril. In that case in the most favourable event there will be left to the victors memories of the most abominable of wars and the most hateful of peaces, or in the worst event there will be no memories."

The first battle has been fought and won, and whatever may be the memories which it has left to the losers—probably not happy memories—the victors may congratulate themselves both on the war and on the peace. But we must not relax our efforts. Not only must we hold ourselves ready for the struggle, we must resolve stoutly that there shall be no failure. Our greatest peril is what Al. Carthill calls "defeatism," that craven spirit which "gives us the will to be vanquished." We all know who and what the Defeatist is. He has been common in our past, he is among us now, and there is no reason to believe that the future will be free from him. "The Defeatist," as Al. Carthill defines him, "is one who sees 'a lion in the path,' and thereon turns back and tries to induce his comrades to turn back. He is one who loves defeat for its own sake, and not for any temporal advantage to accrue to himself or his own faction from the triumph of the enemy . . . he is not one who wishes to be defeated because he thinks it wrong to fight, but is one who wishes to be defeated because he does not think he can win."

On the lips of the Defeatist are such phrases as "it does not matter," "it is not worth fighting for," "the fruits of victory rot upon the tree." The Defeatist, writes Al. Carthill, says, and alas! not always to himself: "The enemy is too strong for us. We cannot win. Let us make terms while we can do so with dignity and honour. All the coming effusion of blood is quite useless, and the guilt of it will be on the heads of those who persist in a struggle hopeless from the beginning, and now clearly so. True, we have had some successes, but if you look at them more narrowly, you will see that they are not successes at all. They are much more like defeats, or at best illusive victories, the prelude to disaster. The resources of the enemy, his tenacity, his leadership, his marvellous ability make it certain that we shall lose in the end." And presently the defeatist makes a virtue of his vice. He speaks big words, and expresses noble sentiments. He prattles about the value even of a false peace. As Al. Carthill says, "he uses those fine phrases which men use when they are about to commit a baseness. He talks about

'humanity' and 'religion,' and a 'higher duty' and 'broader views' and 'calm cool statesmanship.'" He was doing all these things but yesterday, when in the person of Colonel House, the typical Defeatist, he was clamouring for a peace without victory, and attempting to frighten the English Ministers with stories about what the Germans had up their sleeve. And when a handful of subversives is ready to sink the country in a swamp of blood and filth, we shall find defeatists clamouring for compromise, and inviting the hatchers of revolution into the council chamber of the nation.

England has been rich in defeatists, and the golden age of English defeatism was the age of the American rebellion. There was scarce a politician of the time who was not tainted by this spiritual cowardice. What can we say of Burke and Fox but that they were carried away by defeatism to a hatred of their country? Not even Chatham was free from the taint. Instead of listening to the specious falsehoods of Franklin, whose carriage blocked the approach to his house, he should have sent him, traitor that he was, to the gallows. And the defeatism of these men was the worse because our cause was just and our strength was great. Not only had we a perfect right to tax America: the taxes which the Americans refused to pay would but have served to recoup us partially for the vast sums which we have spent to make the American continent safe for the colonists to live in. The history of the colonies in the years which preceded the rebellion is a history of disgrace. When the English were fighting the French and the Indians in the American continent, they received no help from the colonials, for whose sake the war was fought. The colonials, when they had become full-fledged American citizens, invented, to justify their own pusillanimity, an absurd series of fairy stories, and they have repeated those fairy stories ever since. Now, at last, certain honourable professors have told them the truth about their own history, and there is no longer any excuse in America for the old familiar falsehoods, which should now become the exclusive property of English defeatists who have not yet expelled the ancient rancour from their hearts.

As our cause was just, so our strength was great. Had the war been carried on with any vigour, the rebellion would have been speedily quelled. But supine Ministers saw, without shame, the failure of their half-hearted attempts, and made terms with the rebels when they were on the point of surrender. In brief, the spirit of defeatism triumphed over all. The men who shrank from victory, who sang pæans of praise to the rebels, ensured the failure of our arms, and we of this generation have so care-

lessly forgotten what our forefathers suffered that we have set up in a place of honour, outside the National Gallery, the statue of Washington, a rebel against the Crown. Such is our posthumous defeatism, and if gallantry does not prevail now, how can we expect to cope even with the miscreants who have taken the shilling from Russia, or enrolled themselves eagerly in the army of Lenin?

A quality close allied to defeatism in public affairs is an acquiescence, which we display too often, in attacks made by our enemies upon those who have served their country in science or the arts. We carry this acquiescence so far as to pretend a readiness to surrender the treasures which are justly and wisely ours. From time to time, for instance, attempts have been made to restore to Greece the admirable collection of masterpieces known as the Elgin Marbles. Why these masterpieces should be sent back to Athens is not explained. They could not be replaced in the Parthenon itself, of which the inhabitants of Athens complacently witnessed the demolition. And, even were they returned to the Acropolis, whence they came, they assuredly would not belong to the descendants of the Periclean Greeks, who gave way centuries ago to the motley race—widely different in aspect and aspiration from the Hellenes—which bows the knee to the excellent General Pankalos. But in this passion for surrender it is sentiment which holds sway—sentiment most easily justified, by those who are subject to it, by slander.

So those who wish to give away what does not belong to them find it useful to insult Lord Elgin, whose foresight and energy saved the Elgin Marbles not only for England, but for the world. It was Byron who began the attack in his 'Curse of Minerva,' a piece of vigorous satire which has misled generations of readers. It is strange that the idle rhetoric of the poets should be allowed to obscure the face of history and of truth. Shelley and Byron, eminent defeatists both, have made falsehood plausible with such skill that we are only just, after an elapsed century, discovering their malice. But hear Byron's tirade and ponder:—

"Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire;
'Scap'd from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both!
Survey this vacant violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain;
These Cecrops placed—*this* Pericles adorned—
That Hadrian reared when drooping Science mourned:
What more I owe let gratitude attest,
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest."

Everything that is here suggested to Elgin's discredit is untrue, as we shall see, but these spirited lines have in-

clined the ear of many thousands to the policy of surrender.

Some thirty years ago, Mr Frederic Harrison made a loud appeal to the country to return the Elgin Marbles to Athens. He used the familiar arguments to bolster up a feeble case. He thought it ridiculous to believe that Lord Elgin's was "the act of a true lover of art." He solemnly affirmed, without the smallest warrant, that "the stories about the Greeks and the Turks destroying the Marbles were largely travellers' gossip used to cover vandalism and piracy on the part of collectors." No one who has been in Athens of late and compared the condition of the works left *in situ* with the condition of those treasured piously in the British Museum, or who considers the evidence preserved of the ancient controversy, will put any faith in Mr Harrison's statement. Nor was Mr Harrison's argument that the Elgin Marbles should be sent back because they belonged to a building "which is the symbol and *palladium* of a gallant people" of any greater worth. Had the Parthenon been for two thousand years the shrine of the Virgin Goddess; had the devout made their pilgrimages to the Acropolis ever since the gold and ivory statue was enshrined, it would not be unreasonable to speak of *palladia*. But the tradition of the Parthenon was broken when it ceased to be the shrine of Athene Parthenos. A building which was perverted first into a Christian Church, then into a mosque, and for more than two hundred years has been a ruin, visited not by pilgrims but by globe-trotters, cannot, if words have meanings, be called a national symbol and *palladium*. Besides, Mr Harrison did not propose to restore the sculptures of the British Museum to the Parthenon—that were plainly impossible,—but to make a change of museums, and to put them in Athens, where they would be seen by few, instead of in London, where they were (and are) seen by thousands.

Such was Mr Frederic Harrison's argument, which was no argument at all, but a mere translation into prose of Byron's satire. And now once again there is a desire or a suggestion that England should give up, without reason, that which belongs to her. To Sir Charles Walston's proposal that copies of certain metopes should be sent to Athens, there can be no objection, except that the copies would look somewhat sad under the sun of Athens. But the claim of M. Philadelpheus should, we think, be sternly rejected. He asks that a caryatid and a corner column, both belonging to the Erechtheum, should be sent back and set in the places which they once held. He asserts that the restoration of these exquisite pieces is "an act of justice and an architectural necessity." He shows, moreover, that he

shares the ancient grudge, which many unknowing ones have fed fat, against Lord Elgin. "Modern Athens," he says, "is perfectly able to preserve her artistic heritage, whereas Lord Elgin's only excuse for calling down upon himself the 'Curse of Minerva' (to use Byron's mordant phrase) was that Turkish Athens cared for none of these things." These phrases of M. Philadelpheus should set us on our guard. If we gave his country the caryatid, which is ours, we should certainly be asked for more, as another "act of justice." Nor is it in accord with the truth to say that Lord Elgin's *only* excuse was the insecurity of Athens, or that he called down upon himself the 'Curse of Minerva.' He saved the masterpieces of the Parthenon, that is true; the 'Curse' uttered by Byron was an expression of Byron's own unseeing malice, and was wholly unjustified by anything that Lord Elgin had said or done. Even Hobhouse, Byron's own friend, had no illusion. "I have said nothing of the possibility of the ruins of Athens being, in the event of a revolution in favour of the Greeks, restored and put in a condition capable of resisting the ravages of decay; for an event of that nature cannot, it strikes me, have even entered the head of any one who has seen Athens and the modern Athenians." And Byron and Hobhouse, let it be remembered, had made a journey to Greece together.

The truth is that Lord Elgin had done all things well. He was one of the few English diplomatists who have devoted themselves to the study of art and letters. Well might Visconti regret that a rich amateur had not anticipated Lord Elgin's *noble idée* by a century and a half. So far from being a vandal, Elgin was the sole saviour of the marbles which bear his name. Avarice and neglect threatened the masterpieces of Phidias: it is to Lord Elgin's honour and glory that he preserved them. Though Byron compared him with Jerry Abershaw and Jack Sheppard, he was animated in his enterprise by public spirit alone. He carried out the work with energy and liberality, and sold his priceless collection to the British Government for £35,000, though it had cost him £74,000. Such was not the method of an Abershaw. Whatever Lord Elgin did, he did decently and in order. He was supported in all his undertakings by authority. The terms of "the firman to the Caimacan Pasha addressed to the Cadi or Chief Judge and to Vaivode or Governor of Athens" were definite and precise. Lord Elgin's agents were empowered to take away "any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon," and it was ordered that "no opposition be made thereto." It is easy to understand the envy of Choiseul Gouffier and the French, but the storms of indignation which raged against Lord Elgin in England were

inexplicable without Lord Byron's petulant and boyish tirade. And even to-day, when the true story is wellnigh forgotten, 'The Curse of Minerva' is accepted as an authoritative statement.

Nor were Lord Elgin's troubles over when he had brought his treasures back to London. Foolish critics, such as Payne Knight, belittled their worth, and penurious politicians opposed their purchase. Instead of being hailed as a benefactor, the man who had done so much for his country was treated as a kind of criminal. He appeared before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which at last did him justice, and the House of Commons endorsed the findings of the Committee. But Elgin still lies under a cloud; it is necessary to come to his defence, even at this late hour, when the obloquy which his own generation cast upon him may still be used as an argument by the champions of surrender. Therefore we must be on our guard, for assuredly we shall hear again the claim of "justice" made by the countrymen of M. Philadelpheus; and unless we keep an eye upon our defeatists, they, poor souls, will say aloud: "Poor Greeks! let them have their sculptures. They want them more than we do."

Printed in Great Britain by
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS LTD.